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THE BUDGET.

THE Budget of 1872 effects a partial rectification of the error of 1871. The burden of the Income-tax is prospectively reduced within the limits which experience has shown to be desirable; but the holders of precarious incomes during the past year can receive no compensation for the unequal pressure which they have borne. Mr. Lowe stated that within three years more than 12,000,000*l.* of debt has been paid off; and he might have added that one-fourth of the amount has been unnecessarily extorted from Income-tax payers by the addition of twopence in the pound under the third Budget of last year. It cannot be too constantly remembered by Finance Ministers that income serves as an index of taxable wealth only when it extends over a long series of years. The modern practice of meeting exceptional liabilities by a temporary increase of the rate is not the less vicious because it has been adopted in turn by both the great political parties. Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues compelled Income-tax payers to provide for the cost of the Abyssinian war, as Mr. Lowe mulcted them on account of the failure of his unhappy match-tax and of his Succession Duty. Even if no other resource could be found, the result has proved that an addition of one penny would have been amply sufficient; and half an injustice is better than the whole. The increase in the rate, together with the new rule of collection which was established two or three years ago, fully accounts for the renewed agitation against the principle of the tax. It would be far better to make the collection half-yearly at some additional cost than to place an excessive and unreasonable pressure on the needier taxpayers exactly at the time of Christmas bills. The complaints which have been urged against the alleged harshness of the assessors are probably in the majority of cases unfounded. It is necessary to check the inaccurate returns of tradesmen, but the best mode of instilling into their minds a comparative regard for honesty is to impose a low rate of duty. As Mr. Lowe observes, the productiveness of each penny in the pound varies inversely with the rate of taxation. When the tax was, in the last year of the Crimean war, raised to sixteenpence in the pound, only the most scrupulous traders could afford to keep a conscience. With only fourpence at stake many taxpayers will be inclined to make true returns.

The deduction of 8*o*l. a year from the taxable value of incomes up to 300*l.* a year approximates but remotely to the Communism which is nervously apprehended by Mr. BENTINCK. It may be roughly calculated that the owners of incomes ranging from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year are more heavily taxed than either the richer or the poorer part of the community. In proportion to their means, the poorer middle and upper classes pay more than their share of duties on consumption; and it is reasonable that they should be allowed a certain compensation in their assessment to the Income-tax. In some cases the exemption will perhaps be unduly favourable, as when a tenant farmer of 600*l.* a year is only taxed on an income of 220*l.*; but in matters of taxation nice distinctions are impracticable, and the limit of 300*l.* is as fair as any arbitrary line which could have been drawn. It is not easy to understand Mr. Lowe's definite estimate of the number of taxpayers to whom he proposes to extend the 8*o*l. deduction. It is possible that the contributors to the tax between 200*l.* and 300*l.* a year included in several of the schedules may number 167,000; but fundholders, shareholders, mortgagees, and several other classes of taxpayers, who will be entitled to the rebate, make no separate returns. It is much to be wished that Mr. Lowe and his successors may be able and willing to avoid any further changes in the rate of Income-tax for many years. Mr. VERNON HARCOURT is too hasty in the expression of his hope that the pressure of the tax may render it

unendurable. There is no juster or less oppressive tax in the entire fiscal system of England, as long as the rate is permanent and not excessive. Nothing can be more improbable than that the present generation should consent to abandon a mode of taxation which falls but remotely and indirectly on the poorer classes, and which is collected with a minimum of expense. Those who pay the tax would be short-sighted as well as selfish in endeavouring to relieve themselves of a contribution which mitigates the invidious character of wealth. Even Schedule D. ought to satisfy itself that the community would grudge the exemption of the vast aggregate income of the bulk of the middle class. Bankers, brewers, and cotton-spinners have little reason to complain of their relation to the rest of society. Revolutionary theorists never fail to include capitalists as well as landowners among their prospective victims of spoliation.

Experience will show whether the reduction of the duty on coffee by one half will encourage consumption, or even reach the consumer. It is not understood that a corresponding operation has reduced the retail price of sugar; but in both cases the advantage which must accrue to traders will perhaps ultimately benefit the general community. There is much force in Mr. MUNTZ's remark that no reduction in the coffee duty will produce much effect until coffee is made more palatable. The inability to make the most of things which distinguishes the British maid and matron is nowhere more conspicuously displayed than in the muddy decoction which passes by the name of coffee. Fortunately no amount of stupidity can altogether spoil good tea, if only the water boils. As far as the revenue is concerned, there would be little advantage in increasing the consumption of coffee to the detriment of the receipts from tea. The whole amount is so trifling that, notwithstanding Mr. Lowe's just prejudice against a free breakfast-table, it may probably in a future year be worth while to relinquish the remainder of the duty. The trifling alteration in the details of the House Duty will give satisfaction to the City and to other places of business; and the mention of the tax may suggest a feeling of satisfaction at the abandonment of Mr. GOSCHEN's preposterous scheme of handing over the proceeds of the duty to the local ratepayers. If the plan had been adopted, Mr. Lowe would have been compelled to retain one-half of his last year's addition to the Income-tax. Another negative merit of the Budget consists in the absence of any misappropriation of revenue to the creation of Terminable Annuities. The achievements of former years in this direction afford little ground for complacency. It is true that if nothing happens in the meantime to the contrary, the taxpayers of 1885 will be relieved from a capital amount of debt which will represent somewhat less than 2,000,000*l.* a year. They will also have the satisfaction of knowing that they and their predecessors have purchased the reduction at the cost of unnecessary expense and inconvenience. If it is thought desirable to pay off a part of the debt out of income, the easiest and cheapest plan would be to provide a surplus to be openly devoted to the purpose. It is a question whether it is desirable to anticipate the process by which the burden of the debt becomes annually lighter with the diminishing value of money.

In the discussion which followed Mr. Lowe's statement all the speakers naturally abstained from referring to the dark cloud in the West which renders the present prosperity of the country insecure. If peace is not disturbed, the great expansion of trade which has taken place in the last two years may probably continue. The termination of the French Commercial Treaty will be a check too insignificant to affect the general result; and it is not known that the markets of the world are yet glutted with English products. Nearly all branches of industry seem thus far capable of bearing the

increase in the cost of production which is caused by the almost universal advance of the rate of wages and by the reduction of the daily time of labour. As long as the national prosperity is not impaired, it is in the highest degree satisfactory that the bulk of the population should have their full share of augmented profits; and the expenditure of the working classes, increasing in proportion to their receipts, contributes directly to the revenue. Mr. Lowe's reminiscences of the period during which he has administered the national finances were highly cheerful. For a long time, except for special and occasional interruptions, the public income has been irrepressibly elastic; and no economist seems to have made even an approximate estimate of the proportion of the increase which is due to the depreciation of gold. The rise of prices, or the fall in the value of money, also explains a part of the apparently unavoidable growth of expenditure. Mr. BRIGHT still believes, except when he is in office, that an expenditure of seventy millions a year is culpably excessive; and Mr. GLADSTONE has occasionally expressed a similar opinion; but year after year the Estimates exceed the prescribed limits, and there appears to be little hope of a large reduction. The golden age of the Duke of WELLINGTON, who was nevertheless driven from office by a vote for the appointment of a Committee on Finance, is not destined to return. The expenditure on the army and navy then amounted to 11,000,000*l.*, and the difference between the Estimates of 1830 and those of 1872 would admit of the abolition of the Income-tax, of the Malt Duty, and perhaps of one or two other taxes. Some consolation may be found in the fact that the wealth of the country has grown more largely than the nominal taxation, which again largely exceeds the real increase of public burdens. A penny in the pound of Income-tax now produces more than twice as much as in 1842.

THE RESTORATION OF SEBASTOPOL.

AFTER the rupture of the Treaty of Paris it was easy to foresee that the fortifications of Sebastopol would at the convenience of the Russian Government be reconstructed. It is fortunately not now necessary to repeat the submission of the English Government, or the repudiation of the Russian engagements. The Conference of 1871 formally and finally abolished the agreement which was the principal result of the Crimean war. The soundness of a policy of unlimited concession was examined at the time; and it would be useless to renew the discussion, though some popular delusions have since been disturbed by the failure of the simultaneous surrender of Washington. Notwithstanding verbal protests, Russia has established the principle that any Power which is strong enough to defy resistance may lawfully release itself from covenants which have at any former time been made under pressure of superior force. International obligations have in a great measure ceased to be practically binding since the dissolution of the European system which was once roughly administered by the Five Great Powers, or by the majority of their number; and the present generation has almost forgotten the profound security which prevailed in Europe during the thirty years which followed the end of the great French war. It would have been imprudent, or perhaps impossible, for England after the fall of France to offer immediate and active resistance to the new Russian aggression; but the contingent right of maintaining the Treaty might have been reserved, to be exercised at any future time in favourable circumstances. One effect of the abolition of the Treaty has been an ostensible change in the relations of Russia with Turkey. The SULTAN now professes the utmost confidence in the ancient enemy of his race, and the hostility of the semi-official Russian press is for the time almost wholly directed against Austria. The conduct of Turkey after the denunciation of the Treaty by Russia was straightforward, and in the highest degree honourable. The Porte was willing to offer its utmost resistance to the encroachment, if only it were assured of the support of England; but at the same time it declined to furnish a pretext for resentment by making any empty remonstrance. The truce which has ensued deceives neither Turkey nor Russia, although it is convenient to both. Some time must elapse before the fortifications and armaments in the Black Sea are complete, and in the meanwhile it suits the purpose of Russia to exercise a diplomatic influence at Constantinople. When the time for further aggression has arrived, there will be no difficulty in devising a ground of quarrel as plausible as the famous grievance which related to the keys of certain buildings at Jerusalem.

Russian soldiers and statesmen now recognize the impossibility of advancing against Constantinople through the European provinces of Turkey as long as the power of Austria is unbroken; and it is not impossible that future operations may in preference be directed against the Turkish possessions in Asia Minor. The fleet which will be hereafter stationed at Nicolaieff or Sebastopol could at the most only act as an auxiliary force; for even if Constantinople could be occupied as the result of a maritime expedition, a garrison could not safely depend exclusively on communication by sea. For some years to come the Turkish fleet will be fully equal in strength to any naval force which is likely to exist in the Black Sea; and the Straits and narrow seas supply a refuge not less secure than the harbour of Sebastopol. If the Asiatic approaches to the capital can be successfully defended, the fall of Turkey may perhaps be indefinitely postponed. The unpleasant feeling which is caused by the intended restoration of Sebastopol is caused rather by the slight which seems to be inflicted on England than by the immediate risk of a new attack on Turkey. It is impossible to deny the fact that the fruits of the Crimean war have been lost, or rather that a security which had been intended to be perpetual has been, against the will of the holders, commuted into an annuity for eighteen or twenty years. The war itself, though it was not fruitful of military glory, was successful in the attainment of its main object. The ambitious projects of Russia were checked for the greater part of a generation, and the wanton invasion of the Danubian provinces was both repelled and punished. Although no warlike enterprise was ever more carelessly and thoughtlessly undertaken, the landing in the Crimea proved ultimately more injurious to Russia than any alternative mode of attack which could have been suggested. The long distances which had proved fatal to former invaders were turned against the defenders, and the Allies, with their own ports for a base of operations, were more easily supplied with stores and reinforcements than the garrison of Sebastopol. The provisional occupation of the Principalities by an Austrian army which professed to be neutral was in itself a decisive proof of the grave error which had been committed by the Emperor NICHOLAS; for offensive operations were rendered impossible by the action of a nominally neutral Power, while the enemy, after the destruction of the Russian fleet, invested the formidable stronghold of Sebastopol. Since the peace there has been no renewal of cordiality between Russia and England; but the animosity of Russia against Austria has been far deeper and more ostentatious.

The respite which was secured to Turkey by the war has not been altogether wasted. The domestic reforms which were enacted at the instigation of England have from the first not been wholly inoperative, and the present Ministers seem to be making serious efforts to render them practically effective. It was perhaps necessary that the equality of races and religions before the law should be proclaimed long before it was actually established. Innovations which have been but nominally introduced lose their paradoxical character by familiarity with an improved theory. It is doubtful whether it will be at any time possible for the Turkish Government to acquire the confidence of its Christian subjects; but it is certain that Russia has always been opposed to the trial of the experiment. During the slow progress of civil reform and of religious equality the Turkish army and navy have been more rapidly reorganized; and although the military establishments of Russia have been augmented in proportion, there would be a better chance of repelling an invasion in 1872 than in 1853. The triumph of a firm policy during the Cretan insurrection has for the time repressed the vexatious activity of Greece; and the Viceroy of EGYPT, though he has often displayed tendencies to insubordination, has never yet ventured directly to disobey the orders of his Sovereign. Roumania is less troublesome since its acquisition of partial independence than in the period immediately before the war; and the CHANCELLOR of the German Empire, for his own purposes, lately reminded the Government of Bucharest that Roumania was still feudally dependent on the Porte. If the numerous politicians who prophesy the extinction of the Turkish power are justified in their predictions, the interval which has been allowed may perhaps have partially prepared the subject races for the future enjoyment of independence. It is even now doubtful whether the Slavonic inhabitants of Turkey are anxious to accept the dominion of Russia; and the cherished dream of a Greek Empire has been temporarily or finally dissipated.

The abolition of the Treaty, and its practical result in the proposed restoration of Sebastopol, afford a striking, though

superfluous, proof of the fragility of contracts as compared with territorial conquests and other material guarantees. The strip of land which was by the Treaty detached from Bessarabia for the purpose of excluding Russia from the left bank of the estuary of the Danube, is still held by Turkey, though perhaps on an insecure tenure. An attempt to repossess it by force would have been an act of war, while the repudiation of the undertaking to abstain from building an armed fleet in the Black Sea was easily effected by a couple of Circulars, and by a Conference charged to give effect to the policy of Russia. It is not certain that the additional slur which has been thrown on the credit of international engagements tends to promote civilization or to mitigate the evils of war. The restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Paris were only onerous to Russia as far as they threw impediments in the way of future aggression on Turkey. It might be contended with some show of reason that even to Russia it would be advantageous to prefer the peaceable development of her own resources to the forcible extension of an enormous Empire. A standing army nominally consisting of more than a million men involves, even in time of peace, heavy sacrifices of treasure and of life; and a change of fiscal policy would at once secure all the commercial benefits which could result from the acquisition of the most fertile neighbouring territories. In Central Asia it may perhaps be advisable for the Russian Government to establish order and to open intercourse by the process of conquest; but the annexation of Austrian and Turkish provinces could only gratify national vanity or ambition. No design can be more laudable than the establishment of commercial ports in the Black Sea wherever they may be required; but Sebastopol with nothing behind it in the nature of demand or of produce is not naturally calculated to compete with Odessa. The fortification of the town and harbour will suggest the expediency of providing ironclads and artillery, and when all preparations are finished, there will be strong temptation to make use of the resources which will have been accumulated. Happily the danger is not immediately pressing.

FRENCH FINANCE.

IN estimating the prospects of French finance we must take account of what is favourable as well as of what is unfavourable; and there are not wanting symptoms of the great wealth and resources of France, even at a time of much suffering and disorder. It is not a slight matter that the Bank of France should have found scarcely any of the debts contracted with it during the war bad or doubtful. The value of the notes of the Bank, again, is well maintained, and the circulation recedes from, rather than approaches, its authorised limits. The new taxes, too, are bringing in more than was calculated, and in no part of France and in no class of taxpayers have they provoked serious discontent. France is a rich country, easy to tax, with its commerce conducted on sound and cautious principles, and with a National Bank in a healthy and prosperous condition. But it is evident that, however great may be the resources of France, there is going to be a very heavy drain on them, and that French finance is under the control of men who have no scientific knowledge, and no conception of the exact nature of the burdens they are laying on the country. The Assembly quarrelled with M. THIERS because it thought his expenditure excessive, and his views of taxation dangerous. But after many weeks of consideration it has not succeeded in reducing his estimates, and it has nothing to propose in order to fill up the deficit, while he is always recurring to his cherished plan of the taxation of raw materials. It would have seemed as if a great fight might have been successfully made to reduce the enormous expenditure on the army. But M. THIERS wishes to have a very large and a very expensive army, and he is getting his way completely. He boasts that he has got an admirable army of 130,000 men near Paris, besides the large forces at Lyons and in the South, and that he will soon double the number of the soldiers ready for immediate war. He aims at having, and thinks he shall soon have, a French army which, with its reserves, will reach the enormous figure of 1,200,000 men. He has armed some portion of this army, and will soon arm the whole, with the best weapons that science can invent and money can procure, and he is highly pleased with the devotion and intelligence of the officers at his disposal. He is going to extend the fortifications of Paris so as to embrace the heights which the Germans fired in the late siege, and to cover the Eastern frontier of France with a line of fortresses. Such reductions as he once proposed to make in the navy are apparently to

be abandoned. The general result is that France, which was taxed so heavily under the Empire for military purposes, is now to be taxed still more heavily. Englishmen complain bitterly of the sums they have to find for the army and navy, but England is thriving and at peace, while France, reeling under the calamities of a disastrous war, will have to find at least three millions, and probably five millions, more for its army and navy than England does. France has to choose between occupying for a time a secondary position in European politics and exhausting itself in order to become as quickly as possible once more a cause of alarm to its neighbours. M. THIERS has willed that the latter shall be the choice of France; and there is no one in France to stop him in anything on which he is bent.

The reasons why the Assembly has found itself unable to make any serious reductions of expenditure are very simple. In all great matters, such as that of the military policy of France, it has either to quarrel with M. THIERS or to obey him; and it has preferred to obey him. In smaller matters it finds itself almost entirely precluded from economy by the position in which it is placed. It is voting the Budget for the financial year which is almost come to an end, and the money has been spent. If it has not been actually spent, the Government has entered into engagements, or given promises, or held out hopes which make it necessary that it should be spent. A Government that wants to spend money is always extremely powerful, for each item of expenditure always receives the support of some class or clique who are much more anxious that the money should be spent than any other set of people are that it should not be spent. When a Government which cannot be overthrown confers with a body like a Budget Commission, it quickly converts it to Ministerial views; for the Commission has the reasons on which the Government is acting brought vividly before it, and cannot give much weight to arguments which would really involve the necessity of some other set of persons than the actual Ministry having the control of affairs. Individual members are powerless, for if the Government and the Budget Commission are agreed that money must be spent, a private member who advocates economy is immediately silenced as needlessly interrupting the course of public business. There are always, again, very excellent grounds why each little fraction of the public expenditure should have its place. One of the few recent discussions on the Budget of any interest arose out of a proposal to reduce the subventions to the French theatres. But M. JULES SIMON, in whose department as Minister of Public Instruction the care of the theatres is supposed to lie, resolutely refused to have 20,000*l.* cut off his estimates. His arguments were to the effect that it was art that made France great; that if the French did not write plays, and show how to act them, there would be no dramatic art left in Europe; and that unless the State provided a few theatres with money enough to act pieces of a high character, there would be nothing acted in Paris but burlesques and indecent farces, and then France would be indeed demoralized. Besides its large subvention, the Opera receives 60,000*l.* to be spent this year on the completion of the new building, and the two amounts certainly seem to make together rather a startling figure in the Budget of a distressed nation. But then, as M. BEULÉ reminded the Assembly, the French Opera is "the highest expression of lyricism," and that was an appeal which few Frenchmen would care to decline. There can be no doubt that France does not pay subventions to theatres without getting something very valuable in return, that the nation may be reasonably proud of the Français, and that it was the French Opera which enabled some of the greatest Italian and German composers to show what was in them. But at a time like the present to give 67,000*l.* in subventions, and to pay 60,000*l.* towards the construction of an Opera-house, would perhaps seem an exaggerated tribute to art, were it not that the expenditure is lavish on all kinds.

Almost at the same time that the question of the theatrical subventions was discussed, another item of expenditure, that of prizes to be given at races, became the subject of debate. A private member with a sporting turn of mind proposed that on this head the expenditure should be not reduced, but increased, and, with the support of the Government, he actually succeeded in getting a hundred thousand francs devoted to racing beyond what the Government had itself agreed with the Committee should be asked for. If racing was to be thus encouraged, why, members might reasonably ask themselves, should the Français be discouraged? The old truth was once more apparent, that a popular Assembly can spend money, but cannot save it. On this occasion the friends of economy were even at a greater

disadvantage than they usually are, for, if they seemed to be making a point, there was immediately a cry that they ought to reserve what they were saying until the Budget of 1873 came on for discussion. Even the very important question whether eight millions a year should be raised in order to pay off the Bank of France was considered as beyond the range of practical discussion, because an arrangement to pay off the advances of the Bank by annual instalments was made last June. No one doubts that the financial position of France can never be really what it should be until specie payments are resumed; and specie payments cannot be resumed until a very large portion of the advances of the Bank are repaid. At present the Bank charges one per cent. for its advances, and although the Commission hoped to get the Bank to take sixty centimes instead of a franc in the hundred as interest, the Bank resisted, and was successful, because the Government cannot do without the Bank. The credit of the Bank is necessary to support that of the Government, in order to maintain the value of a forced circulation; and the Bank is thus in a position to demand terms which are enabling it to pay a very handsome dividend to its shareholders. If France could raise eight millions a year for eight years without feeling it seriously, it would be quite worth while to do so in order that a specie currency might be resumed. But it is highly probable that France will do nothing of the sort, and that it will borrow at six per cent. to pay off money for which it is only paying one per cent.; and there is therefore much force in the reasoning of those who say that the true policy would be to go on paying one per cent. to the Bank until the country is in a position to raise on favourable terms the whole sum necessary for the resumption of specie payments.

It is obvious that one reason why the notes of the Bank of France maintain their present value is that the time can be calculated when, under existing arrangements, the advances to the Government will be paid off and specie payment resumed. But the real question is, whether the Government will not be always borrowing as much as it pays off. It is exceedingly difficult to say what would be the total amount required to free France from every claim, for every day some new demand is made on the Government, or the Government conceives that something new is necessary for its purposes. But the best French judges are of opinion that France, to clear itself from actual liabilities, must borrow four milliards of money, three for the Germans and one for internal purposes. This is the prominent fact in French finance. France must before long be a borrower of a hundred and eighty millions sterling. Perhaps it will not openly try to borrow so much. It may seek to confine its operations as much as possible to borrowing enough for the German indemnity. But it will then be obliged to have recourse to all those expedients by which a country in difficulties tries to encounter the pressure of a vast floating debt. It will in fact be paying off the advances of the Bank, which bear interest at one per cent., and borrowing from the Bank, or from other sources, at a rate which can scarcely be less than six per cent. And French financiers of the present school will be exceedingly lucky if they have merely to provide interest on funded and floating debts, and are not obliged to borrow new money to pay interest on their debts. It is by no means an exaggerated estimate to say that sooner or later they will have to get five millions more from taxation than the taxes now provide, even with all the augmentations agreed to by the Assembly. Whence is the money to come? M. THIERS resolutely says that it is to come from the taxation of raw materials, and that it can and shall come from no other source. But to say nothing of the standing arguments against the taxation of raw materials, there are the Treaties of Commerce, which, even after the Treaty with England is at an end, will throw serious obstacles in the way. It has been proposed, for example, to put a heavy duty on vegetable oil; but the larger part of the vegetable oil consumed in France comes from Russia, Germany, and Italy, and the result of an internal tax on oil would simply be that French oil would be driven out of the French market, as the whole of the oil necessary for the consumption would be imported on the favourable terms ensured by the treaties subsisting with foreign oil-growing countries. When objections of this sort are made M. THIERS turns round and asks what the objectors have to propose in lieu of the taxes he favours. Every possible tax is open to innumerable objections, and nothing can be easier than for the Government to show that each proposal made to it is equally ridiculous. Popular Assemblies and Committees representing them cannot invent taxes; they can rarely interfere with success in the details of expenditure. All that they can

do is to determine the policy of a Government; and if the French Assembly once admits, as it appears to be willing to do, that France is to have, in the shortest possible time, an army of nearly a million and a quarter of men, raised and equipped and trained in the most expensive manner, it is at the mercy of a Minister like M. THIERS, who laughs at petty amendments on the details of the Budget, and has his pet theories of taxation which he is bent on seeing adopted at any cost.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

IT has been said that an eminent artist is anxious to paint a great historical picture of the London School Board. There is nothing to be said against the interest or importance of the subject he has chosen; but if he wishes to do full justice to it, he must consent to sink the dignity of art, and make his picture a dissolving view. Nothing which is not in the nature of the slides in a magic-lantern could give the effect produced on the mind by the composition of this body. The School Board of to-day is not the same as the School Board of yesterday, and while the spectator is trying to estimate the gain or loss of the change, he sees a fresh change coming on, and the School Board of to-day begins to give place to the School Board of to-morrow. The frequent resignations which have lately been announced can hardly fail to injure the efficiency of such a body. The members who have retired have for the most part been among the most zealous advocates of educational progress; and if it has to be admitted that the work is heavier than a man who has other things to do can be expected to undertake, there must follow the further admission that it will be difficult to fill their places, except by an inferior class of men, or by men who will soon prove their likeness to their predecessors by resigning as soon as they find out what the work really is. It is not only the probability that new elections will not always call forth candidates of the old type that gives a serious aspect to these changes. The fact that the supplementary elections are carried on upon a different principle must also be taken into account. The cumulative vote is necessarily inapplicable to these supplementary elections. Where there is only one seat to be filled, the candidate returned must in all cases be the representative of the numerical majority in the constituency. It is quite possible, therefore, that before the next general election of a School Board the complexion of the existing Board may have been entirely changed, and that the latter part of its term will be spent in undoing the work of the earlier part, and in preparing work to be undone in turn by the Board which succeeds. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the original members should not have been able to see out the three years for which they were elected.

Perhaps no one cause can be assigned for this dropping away. But there seems to be a certain uniformity in the reasons given in the several cases. The work has been too much for men occupied in other ways. The general control of primary education in London ought not, with the help of a sufficient staff, to demand more than a small proportion of an active man's time, and if the members of the Board really feel the strain to be too great, it must be because this sufficient staff is still wanting. If so, it is a kind of economy which defeats its own object. A good member is worth keeping, even at the cost of paying a subordinate to relieve him of some of his duties. It is difficult not to suspect that this is not quite the whole truth. Everybody knows how differently work weighs on a man according as he is or is not satisfied with the manner in which it is being done. There might have been fewer resignations in the School Board if there had been more children sent to school. So far as appears from a paper on the work of the Board, read by the Secretary a fortnight ago, this is a function which the Board has thought it advisable not to exercise at present. Before Easter 1871 a return had been made to the Education Department showing that accommodation for about 413,233 children was provided, or in course of being provided, in 3,130 schools of all sorts, efficient or inefficient. The Board has taken a whole year to draw any practical inference from this fact. "In each case," says the Memorandum, "an elaborate process of analysis had first to be undertaken. On the one hand, it was necessary to determine amongst the elementary schools which were and which were not efficient. On the other hand, it was necessary to eliminate from the total number of children between three and thirteen those for whom elementary schools need not be provided." The former part of the inquiry was undertaken by the Education Department, the latter part was undertaken by the Board, "through ten divisional Committees,

"and with the assistance of a staff of enumerators, and a superintendent of enumerators for each division." Until these returns were made, the Board "have not thought it desirable to establish schools on a large scale, but rather to prepare the way for their establishment by dealing with other subjects." Accordingly they set to work in February to consider the question of compulsory attendance. The Stockport School Board had contrived to get by-laws on this subject passed as early as the 20th of April, and the Liverpool School Board had done the same thing by the 14th of June. But in the case of the London School Board the by-laws "did not come up for consideration before October, and were only finally passed at the beginning of November."

Having been safely delivered of the by-laws, the Board next set to work to provide the machinery for carrying them out. In the course of this process they have become officially cognizant of the fact that "there are considerable vacancies in existing schools." All this time another Committee was engaged in devising a scheme of education in School Board schools, and the Memorandum refers to the debates on Bible reading and instruction, on the payment and remission of fees, and on free schools, in proof that the time of the Board has not been wasted. By May the Board had become convinced that "it would be desirable in some cases, where the school deficiency was undoubted, to take immediate steps for the erection of schools." The (comparatively) headlong haste with which this resolution was taken was tempered by judicious delays in the execution of it. Twenty-four deficient districts have been selected, and ten sites (four have since been added) "will shortly be secured," five of which, the Memorandum says proudly, "may be considered practically available at once." In November the Board made another step in advance. It may have occurred to them that they had been in existence a year, and in that time had not made provision for the education of a single child who would not have been receiving instruction if the Education Act had never been passed. At all events, they resolved "that premises should be temporarily hired in those blocks where the Board had decided to erect new schools." As a result of this decision, it has been agreed "to hire buildings in twenty cases with accommodation for 5,657 children" (the number is now, it seems, twenty-five buildings with accommodation for 6,530 children), "and"—our readers must prepare themselves for a surprise—"in seven cases the Board have already commenced school-work." Already commenced school-work!—it shows great self-restraint in the author of the Memorandum that he did not have these four words printed in capitals. After fifteen months of great and continuous exertion the London School Board has actually opened seven schools with accommodation perhaps for 2,000 children. There is something beautiful in the condescension of men who, though charged with the education of London, have not been above taking fifteen months to open seven temporary schools for just one-fiftieth part of the children who are without education.

It is not wonderful that busy men should ask themselves whether this is an adequate return for the time they have taken from other duties to give to the London School Board, or that they should determine within themselves that it is not adequate. A different procedure might have led to a very different result. If, instead of rushing at the outset into calculations which would delight the Statistical Society, the Board had been content with getting a rough estimate of the number of vacancies in existing schools, and of the number of children who ought to be at school but are not, they might in the first instance have filled up every such vacancy by the operation of their by-laws; and then, if voluntary agency had not come forward to help them, they might have established as many temporary schools as were required to provide for the children who found the doors of every school shut in their face. Probably this last class would have been but a small one, as the managers of voluntary schools would in many cases have been ready to provide increased accommodation if they had been assured that it would not be wasted. The prompt application of compulsion would have sent every child to school for whom a school could be found, and the cases in which attendance had to be excused on the plea that no school could be found would have furnished a rough, but sufficient, index to the amount of temporary accommodation which had to be provided by the Board itself. Why is it that a policy which had such obvious recommendations was not adopted at starting? Mainly, we imagine, from the culpable reluctance of the Board to confront the religious difficulty. The existing schools were for the most part Denominational, and they were afraid that the Secularist minority in their own body would resent a proceeding which sent children into Denominational schools, and thereby exposed them to De-

nominal teaching if their parents raised no objection. Rather than sanction so shocking a possibility, the Secularists, and the Dissenters who act with the Secularists, have avowed that they would rather see these children left in the street. Those who took this view were a minority on the London School Board, but they knew what they wanted, and their superior energy and decision cowed the majority into inaction. The ponderous statistics which have been evoked to veil that inaction would have been more in place if they had been compiled after, instead of before, the supply of crying educational destitution.

THE WARWICKSHIRE STRIKE.

A STRIKE of agricultural labourers is a novel, and by no means an unimportant, event. A new leaven must be working in the popular mind of England when those quiet, patient, dumbfounded creatures set up for having a will of their own. To see them attempting to manage a strike is as wonderful as to see any other of the beginnings of life in inert masses, as to see babies begin to walk, or tadpoles become frogs. If we may trust the accounts in the newspapers, the Warwickshire labourers seem to have begun it all by themselves, and to have met under a chestnut-tree, where they discussed their grievances; and then they took counsel, first of an experienced man who had once been into the Black Country and might there have learnt the elements of strike-making from the superior mining intelligence, and secondly of a Dissenting minister. These were their clever friends; the men something of their own stamp, but who knew more than they did, and could give something like shape to their dim purposes. It is not education in any direct form that has stirred up to action this portion of the population, which it might have been supposed most difficult to stir; for most of those who joined the strike and testified their adherence to the movement could only place their mark to the document by which they signified their assent. But those whom education has not reached directly may be affected by it indirectly, and the agricultural labourers have learnt to strike because those who have got new notions and taught themselves to urge new claims in more advanced districts have silently penetrated with their influence the classes beneath them. The rural poor have been closely watched and tightly held down by their masters, the farmers, and the basis of rural life has been a humble obedience and unquestioning acquiescence on the part of the labourer. When change reaches so low a level, society must indeed be changing. Distress has in old days led to rick-burning, and brutal ignorance has led to destruction of farm machinery; but those were only the outbreaks of hungry or panic-stricken barbarism. But a strike, as a strike is said to have been conducted in Warwickshire, is a totally different thing. It shows a power of union, a perception of the respect due to law, a confidence that success can be achieved without violation of the law. The labourers may possibly be mistaken in thinking that they will succeed, or they may succeed at first, and then push their triumph too far and suffer for their temerity. But it is very improbable that a strike of any considerable magnitude should leave the condition of the agricultural poor in the state in which it found it. It will at least have taught them to think and to act. If labourers in villages could think and act, rural life in England would be a new thing. Some of its placid pleasures and animal content might pass away, there would be many victims of change, many would be crushed by a competition to which they were unequal; but the rural poor could never be as they once were, the bondsmen of those who, what with wages and what with poor-rates, secured them at least the certainty of a bare subsistence.

There are two questions to be asked as to this strike, which may be asked as to every strike. Has it a chance of success? and if it succeeds, what will be the consequences? Agricultural labourers must be judged as any other labourers are judged, and the great justification of a strike is success. How much employers can really afford to pay to those whom they employ is a point that is practically settled by strikes, as it is settled in no other way. The Warwickshire labourers, it appears, were, before the strike began, getting twelve shillings a week in many districts. They asked for sixteen, and now the farmers are quite willing to give fourteen, and are talking of fifteen as a compromise. Canon GIRDLESTONE, who, with a courage that does him the highest credit, has been the friend of the labourer in spite of the bitter opposition of all the farmers about him, has written to advise Warwickshire labourers who get fifteen shillings a week not to trouble themselves about strikes, and the advice of so true a friend

ought to have weight with the labourers if it ever really reached them. But Canon GIRDLESTONE seems to have supposed that, apart from the strike, the Warwickshire labourers generally were getting fifteen shillings; whereas this appears to have been only the case on a few estates, where intelligent, rich, and kind landlords set a good example. The men who struck were getting twelve shillings only; and now, by striking, they have a chance of getting the fifteen shillings which their judicious friend regards as the goal of rural happiness. The difference between twelve shillings a week and fifteen is practically enormous. It means the difference between having just enough to keep body and soul together, and having some of the rudiments of comfort and plenty; though it is of course possible that a rise of money wages may be accompanied by the withdrawal of allowances in kind which represent money. Canon GIRDLESTONE seems to think it almost ungenerous in men who are getting fifteen shillings a week to strike while there are men in the South of England who do not strike, and probably cannot strike, and are only getting nine shillings. But the argument may be easily turned the other way. Warwickshire labourers could not possibly benefit Dorsetshire labourers by continuing to receive twelve shillings; but they might give new hopes, and offer new springs of action, to even the most suffering members of their class, if they showed that by a strike they could get their twelve shillings a week turned into fifteen. There is no reason why farmers should be viewed with any exceptional amount of sentimental tenderness. They have not been particularly liberal or mild or wise in their character of employers. They have, as a general rule, tried to keep the labourer rooted to his native village, as uneducated and as poorly fed as possible. The employers of factory hands and of mechanics have probably been just as hard and as narrow in their day, but the growing intelligence and independence of their workmen have gradually altered the relative position of the two classes. It is now the turn of the farmers to see their labourers meeting under a chestnut-tree and demanding those extra three shillings a week which, if conceded, will make their cottages something like happy homes.

The Warwickshire strike may be successful, and, if so, what will be the consequences of its success? It is said already to have spread into eight counties; but it is obvious that even if it succeeds in one place it may fail in another, and that its fire may be much sooner burnt out than its friends expect. There are many liberal employers, and in a crisis a good man deserves to have the reward of his liberality, and those whom he has treated well should treat him well in return. Those who are already as well off as can be reasonably expected may profitably take the wise advice of Canon GIRDLESTONE and leave well alone. But supposing a considerable and unquestionable success to be obtained, what will be the results? In the first place, the men who have gained an increase of wages will be better fed and better clothed. They will work more and do their work better. They will be more alive to the advantages of education; they or their children will gradually acquire minds open to newspaper guidance; they will first feed on the homely platitudes of the county journals, and in time may become the disciples of the *Daily Telegraph* itself. They will perhaps criticize sermons with a sleepy superiority, and leave off touching their hats to the squire. They will on great holidays scent a whiff of butcher's meat, and will put into the pot a larger quantity of adulterated tea than one teaspoonful among seven. They will clearly have mounted some of the lower steps of the ladder of progress. They will also contribute, slowly, partially, and exceptionally, to a general rise of the condition of the agricultural labourer. Canon GIRDLESTONE has lately been exerting himself with excellent effect to release the rural poor from the serfdom in which the more bigoted and shortsighted class of farmers try to hold them, and has been sending men who are not wanted in their own district to districts where they are wanted. Anything which, like a successful strike, gives new spirit and energy to agricultural labourers, will powerfully aid such a movement as that which Canon GIRDLESTONE has striven to promote, and will make them apter to learn and to profit by the variations of price in the labour market. How far the farmer will suffer is among those recondite questions of political economy on which wise men shrink from passing judgment. Possibly he may recover a part of what he pays in additional wages from the consumer; possibly he may as to a part succeed in throwing it on the landowner; possibly he may to some extent neither gain nor lose, for he may get from well-fed workmen better labour than he got from ill-fed workmen; and possibly a part may really come

out of his profits and make him a poorer man. The end may be that the wages of those labourers who strike with success may be raised, and that the farmer may not very much suffer. But it is not to be supposed that a crisis such as that which would alter the condition of the rural poor could come without a large amount of suffering coming with it. If a strike succeeded, the men who were wanted on a farm would be better off, but those who were not wanted on a farm would be worse off. There would be more killed off, or sent into the workhouse, or forced into the slow decay of an alien life in big towns. Even those who were winning in the strife would have much to undergo. They would have to mourn the departed charities of life. They would no longer be looked after by the farmer, or tenderly overshadowed by the parson, or addressed with timid, high-principled condescension by the ladies of the squire's family. These are not perhaps great losses to set against the substantial gain of three shillings a week extra to a man who sees his children half-starved and his wife rheumatic from want of clothing. But the strife which strikes engender, even when successful, and especially when they are a novelty, is apt to take the bloom off success; and this should be well remembered by political philanthropists who profess to have the welfare of the labourer at heart. A grave responsibility will rest on any adventurous outsider who may imagine himself called upon to encourage such a movement without taking into full account the evil as well as the good which may be expected from it. Although, if the Warwickshire labourers really get three shillings a week more by their strike, they must, according to the standard by which other men who have struck are judged, be held to be justified, yet those who look on Warwickshire from a distance may feel some regret even on their behalf, and much compassion for the unknown innumerable crowd who will suffer, even if their class as a whole should gain by the movement thus set on foot.

THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

UPON few points has the French Assembly shown such steady resistance to M. THIERS as upon the constitution of the French army. The difference between their views is fundamental. M. THIERS wants an army formed on the same basis as the army which capitulated at Sedan. He argues that the disasters which overtook the Imperial troops reflect no discredit on the principle on which they were recruited and trained. Their defeat was, he contends, due to the systematic neglect of those principles. If the army had been in fact what it was on paper, all might have gone well. What other motives M. THIERS may have for wishing the same principle maintained, why he has pronounced so decidedly against universal service, and in favour of a limited conscription, it is impossible to say. It may be that he is eager to hurry forward the day when France will be once more in a position to play an independent part in the affairs of Europe, and sees that it takes a shorter time to put an existing system into thorough repair than to organize a thoroughly new one. It may be that he is old-fashioned in his military ideas, and still thinks that the new levies of Germany would have had no chance against the veterans that France could once bring into the field, and, by going the right way to work, might soon bring into the field again. But neither his expressed nor his unexpressed reasons have had any weight with the Assembly. The Government Army Bill has been completely recast in Committee, and the shape in which it is now presented shows how deep is the impression left by the war on the minds of Frenchmen. Both the Right and the Left in the Assembly would naturally be opposed to a large military establishment. It has been especially associated with the BONAPARTES, and Monarchists and Republicans are alike hostile to a restoration of the Empire. But the desire to give France the power to measure herself again with Germany is stronger than any dread of domestic tyranny. This latter fear, however, has exercised great influence on the construction of the Bill. Whatever may be the disadvantages of the Prussian military system, it does not like the old French system convert a national army into a Pratorian Guard; and the Assembly is determined that the new French army shall contain representatives of every class of the community, and that the soldiers shall constantly be exposed to the leavening contact of civil and family life.

As the Bill leaves the hands of the Committee it provides for universal personal service without substitutes. Every Frenchman who is fit for service must make part of the Active Army for five years, and of the Active Reserve for four years.

After that time he must serve successively four years in the Territorial Army and six years in the Territorial Reserve. There will be no exemption on the ground of insufficient size; men who do not come up to the required height will be employed in some non-combatant capacity. Absolute exemption on physical grounds will be accorded only to those whose infirmities are such as to unfit them for service of any kind. Those exempted by the existing law on the ground of family circumstances, such as the eldest sons of widows, will in future be only dispensed from serving so long as the ground of exemption continues to exist, and in the event of a war the dispensation may be withdrawn. Scholars of certain Government schools, young men in training as schoolmasters or for the ecclesiastical state, are also dispensed on condition, as regards the first two, of their engaging to spend ten years in those branches of the public service to which the schools are an introduction, or as teachers. Ecclesiastics who claim exemption must have taken holy orders before they are twenty-six. Four per cent. of the young men pronounced fit for service may be dispensed on the score of being required for the maintenance of their families; and in time of peace a respite of one year, renewable for two more, will be granted in the same proportion of four per cent. to those who can show that the conditions of their apprenticeship, or of the employment by which they purpose to make their living, require that they should not be immediately summoned away. The men adjudged fit for service, and claiming neither exemption nor dispensation, will be at once incorporated into the active army. This yearly contingent will be divided into two classes—those who are to remain with the colours during the whole five years, and those who will only be required to remain with the colours for one year. The number of the former class will be annually fixed by the Minister of War; the men who are to compose it will be determined by lot. The second class, after their year with the colours has come to an end, will remain at the disposition of the Minister, and will have to take part in certain military exercises. They will be allowed to marry. Young men who have taken their Bachelor's degree, or have been prizewinners in the University, as well as the scholars at certain schools, will be allowed to contract an engagement for a year, upon passing an examination prescribed by the Minister of War. Young men not comprised in any of these categories, who pass this examination, will be allowed to contract a similar engagement in numbers to be determined every year by the Minister. Those who make these engagements must bear the expense of their own equipment and maintenance. If at the end of the year they fail to pass the appointed examination, they may be retained with the colours for a second year. Students who wish to finish their studies in any faculty or school will be allowed to postpone their year of service until they are twenty-three. By other clauses of the Bill provision is made for voluntary enlistments for five years, which will count as part of the legal service, and for re-enlistments for one or two years. The men who are sent home after a year's service, and kept at the disposal of the Minister of War, will be admitted, if they wish it, to complete their five years in the active army. Soldiers who have served more than five years with the effective army will receive higher pay, and those who have served twelve years will receive a certificate giving them a right to employment in the civil service of the State.

It seems to be supposed that M. THIERS will withdraw the opposition which he originally offered to the principle of universal service, and accept the greater strength of the army in the future as compensation for the greater delay in attaining that strength. There has been a conference between the PRESIDENT and the Committee, and the only point upon which any serious difference of opinion exists is the question of substitutes. The Government plead that it will be impossible, without allowing substitutes, to satisfy the requirements of a civil career. The Committee reply that these requirements are provided for by the clauses introduced into the Bill to meet the case of students and young men preparing for professions. It is clear that the prohibition of substitutes is essential to the success of a system of compulsory service. So long as they are allowed, the army will not be a really national force. It will be composed of men who serve because they cannot help it, and of men who have been bribed to serve by those who wish to avoid the obligation which has devolved on them. As to the particular difficulty started by M. THIERS, it is disposed of as soon as service becomes really universal. It cannot be maintained that a year of camp life interposed between the study and the practice of a profession would be any real injury to a young man, unless it was exacted from

him and not from his rivals. When it is imposed upon all alike, it simply lengthens the preparation for civil life by one year. M. THIERS would create a real hardship on the plea of doing away with an imaginary one. Nothing could make military service more unpopular, or bring the Government into greater discredit, than a law which allowed a student of law or medicine who could afford to buy a substitute to set up as a barrister or a physician a year earlier than a student of equal capacity and education to whom a substitute was an unattainable luxury.

Whatever may be the ultimate character of the French army, it is plain that the Government has no present mind to employ it in defence of the POPE. M. THIERS declares that the interests of the Holy Father are dear to him, and that he will defend them as he has defended them before—that is, by an occasional speech. But the interests of France are no less dear to him, and they would be compromised by his making another speech of the same sort just now. The Bishop of ORLÉANS proclaims his respect for the misfortunes of France, and his determination not to aggravate them by making her feel her own impotence. Upon this question, he says, he has no difficulty in reconciling his views as a bishop and his views as a Frenchman. The policy which had been fatal to the Holy See had been fatal to France. Thus there is no substantial difference between M. THIERS and Mgr. DUPANLOUP as regards present policy. Both would like to give Italy a slap in the face, both would like to give the POPE a helping hand, and neither allows his desire to get the better of his discretion. By the time that France is strong enough to turn wishes into acts, Italians may fairly hope that she will have found employment for her troops nearer home.

THE LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

THE present SOLICITOR-GENERAL and the future law officers of the Crown will scarcely attract general compassion as victims of Mr. LOWE's relentless parsimony. For advising the various departments of Government, for controlling the issue of patents, and for other non-contentious business, the Attorney-General is to receive 7,000*l.* a year, and the Solicitor-General 6,000*l.* a year. For the conduct of Government cases in civil or criminal Courts they will be paid on the ordinary professional scale, and they will retain their private practice, which in some cases will produce an income equal to their official emoluments. With the exception of the Viceroy of India, of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and perhaps of one or two other representatives of the English Crown, the Attorney and Solicitor-General will still be more highly paid than any other functionaries in the world; and, although their offices are precarious, they have the resource of falling back on their professional practice. An Equity lawyer loses nothing and risks nothing by becoming a law officer, while he increases his chances of advancement to the Bench. A Common Law Solicitor-General is required by custom to abandon his circuit; but, with few exceptions, provincial practice is a secondary consideration with the leaders of the Bar. Many of them at a certain point in their career voluntarily leave the circuit; and a Solicitor-General would seldom regret the necessity of relinquishing an irksome and laborious part of his practice. BROUGHAM indeed many years ago declared that he could not afford to surrender his position on the Northern Circuit for the precarious rank of Attorney-General; but at the time his ambition was directed to other objects, and many changes have occurred in the profession, as elsewhere, during forty or fifty years. Some law officers have owed their promotion to political interest, or to the possession of a safe seat in Parliament; but the SCARLETTs, the FOLLETTs, the BETHELLs, and the PALMERs must have contemplated with much equanimity the possibility of being relegated by political vicissitudes to the ordinary practice of their profession. There is no reason to fear that future Governments will find a difficulty in securing the services of competent Attorney and Solicitor-Generals.

It is not surprising that Mr. FAWCETT and others should have considered that the law officers ought to devote undivided attention to public business. When an Attorney-General makes a speech a month long on behalf of a private client, it may be plausibly suggested that he has comparatively little time or energy to attend to his official duties, and if there had been no TICHBORNE case to occupy his time, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE would perhaps have made thirty speeches instead of one. The only objection to an exclusive retainer is that it would not be accepted by an advocate in great practice. To a layman without trade or profession official salary for a longer or shorter

time produces a clear profit; but it is not worth while to exchange a safe or increasing income for a post which depends for its continuance on the stability of the Government. In former times it was thought improper that a Minister should be engaged in trade; but as soon as manufacturers became candidates for political office it was found necessary to relax the rule. The profits of a very moderate commercial undertaking are larger than ordinary salaries, and they are much more secure. No leader of the Bar could afford to give up his private practice to rivals whom it might be impossible afterwards to displace for a law office which might perhaps be held for two or three years. It would be perfectly easy to secure for moderate remuneration the services of sound lawyers as permanent advisers of the Government; but it would be inconvenient for a Minister to have no legal colleagues in the House of Commons either to represent or to advise him. Even when the Attorney and Solicitor-General for the time being take little part in debate they are almost incessantly consulted; and some of their number have been powerful auxiliaries of their party. Sir RICHARD BETHELL, Sir HUGH CAIRNS, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER were among the most formidable debaters on the Treasury Bench; nor could the authority which they possessed have been exercised by any permanent functionaries. As long as Parliament concentrates all power in itself, the heads of all departments must have a political and responsible character. A permanent Under-Secretary often understands the business of his office better than his chief; but he has no independent power or claim to obedience. For the same reason the Attorney and Solicitor-General must be practising lawyers with seats in the House of Commons.

Under existing arrangements, neither the Government as a whole nor the several public offices are unduly stinted of legal advice. The Lord Chancellor, whose judicial duties allow him considerable leisure, is an important member of the Cabinet; and there seems to be no reason why, in accordance with a recent suggestion, he should be reinforced by the presence of the Attorney-General in the Cabinet. The questions of international law arising in the course of diplomatic transactions are necessarily brought under the cognizance of the Chancellor before or after the opinions of the law officers have been required and received; and it might, but for recent experience, have been supposed that the Government would derive advantage from the counsels of a colleague who ought to be at the same time a lawyer and a statesman. The Queen's Advocate, who formerly took precedence of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, still acts as their colleague, and there is no reason why, if the office is to be continued, the ablest lawyer who may be willing to hold it should not be selected on the present vacancy. The Solicitor of the Treasury, a Queen's Counsel of great ability and experience, advises the Treasury and the Home Office from day to day on the numerous legal points which it is necessary to decide in the ordinary course of business, and he also superintends Government prosecutions. The Colonial Office and the Admiralty have each their own counsel; and the India Office will probably have reason to regret the late abolition, in a sudden fit of economy, of a corresponding post. The Judge-Advocate General, whose office is at present suspended, and the Deputy Judge-Advocate, can at pleasure be consulted by the Secretary for War, and two Parliamentary draughtsmen are employed in the preparation and supervision of Government Bills. The permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Department is always a lawyer, and the important office of legal assistant to the Attorney-General, popularly called the Attorney-General's devil, is always held by an incumbent who, after a certain length of tenure, is supposed to be qualified for promotion to the Bench. It may be doubted whether there is any necessity for the appointment of additional permanent functionaries; and if the Government of the day were deprived of the aid of law officers sitting in the House of Commons, it would often find itself helpless in the presence of formidable adversaries. It will probably appear hereafter that such miscarriages as the composition of the Washington Treaty are attributable, not to the incompetence of the law officers who may have been consulted on the wording, but to the timidity of the Government, and to its eagerness for any attainable settlement of the dispute.

Among the consolations reserved for Attorneys and Solicitors-General in their reduced condition, the prospect of judicial appointments must be included. According to the best opinions, the only place on the Bench which can be claimed as of right by the Attorney-General is that of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; but it has been customary to give the Attorney-General the choice of appointments in his

own branch of the profession, and the Lord Chancellor, who has the exclusive patronage of puisne judgeships, would seldom refuse an application from the Solicitor-General. At present it happens that the only place on the Equity Bench which has been filled by direct promotion of a law officer is that of the MASTER of the ROLLS, who has held his post since 1851, though the LORD CHANCELLOR was many years ago Solicitor-General under Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The two CHIEF JUSTICES were Attorneys-General at the time of their respective promotions, and the LORD CHIEF BARON had formerly held the same rank. Two of the Puisne Judges have been appointed from the post of Solicitor-General. All the other Judges in both branches of the law have risen from the non-official Bar. There is no reason to fear that Mr. LOWE's economical reforms will deprive future Governments of the services of the best lawyers of their respective parties; and it is even possible that members of other professions, as well as laymen, may regard with envy the not inconsiderable emoluments which are still attached to the law offices. Among the felicities of the profession which were long since recorded as proofs of the special favour with which it was regarded by Providence, may be reckoned its exceptional security from disendowment, or even from excessive curtailment of its profits. It has every reason to be satisfied with the existing state of society, and experience shows that when the taller poppy-heads are cut off in democratic revolutions, lawyers have a tendency to survive, and even to occupy the places which are left vacant by fallen competitors. In the English colonies, and still more in the United States, lawyers fill the local and central Legislatures, and occupy more than their proportionate share of the principal offices of State. Professional fees are as high in New York as in London, and though official salaries in America are unreasonably small, lawyers have exceptional opportunities of gratifying political ambition. Those who have occasion in England to retain the services of so fortunate a class for public or private purposes must be prepared to adopt the scale of remuneration which has been established by custom or competition. An underpaid Judge or Attorney-General would in the great majority of cases prove to be a disadvantageous bargain.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DELEGATES.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly very much to be pitied. He has had the influenza, a nasty touch of his old complaint, Irish Education, and a first, or rather a last, warning from "the delegates forming the Committee for conducting the opposition to the Government Parks Bill"; and all this in a single week, and while he was still sore and tender from his COLLIER and Ewelme bruises. It is impossible not to sympathize with him profoundly; however we may differ from him as a statesman, we must always feel for him as a man, and we sincerely hope he may be the better for his too brief Easter holiday. It is a break in the Session, and perhaps it may be a break in the series of personal difficulties of which he has for some time been the hapless victim. This last attack, the warning from the Friends of the People, is certainly the unkindest cut of all. It can hardly be doubted that Mr. GLADSTONE will feel it most acutely, not so much because it strikes at himself, as because it strikes at his faith in what he imagines to be human nature. If there was one quarter to which in the hour of trouble he might have supposed that he could confidently turn for loving sympathy and brotherly help, it was surely to the howling demagogues of the streets. He can honestly say that he has given up a good deal for them—a good deal which, in his moments of disenchantment, he can hardly look back upon without some twinges of remorse. Wholesome traditions of public order and decorum, the sanctity of law, the rights and interests of loyal and peaceful citizens, the confidence of his friends, and not a little of his own self-respect, have all been tossed aside for the sake of ingratiating himself with a set of blustering agitators who now turn round and threaten to depose him because he will not get out of bed when he is ill and do the honours of Downing Street to his masters. There is an old proverb, but it is somewhat musty, which might have prepared him for this fate; he was liberal of his pearls to certain folk, and their gratitude is the gratitude of their kind. It is really difficult to see what more Mr. GLADSTONE could have been expected to do. He took sedition and democracy to his heart and hugged it; he received the brawlers of the kennel in his own parlour, "like a father receiving his children," as one of them said; he pensioned BEALES, more liberally than he has pensioned Lady MAYO; he puffed BRADLAUGH's blasphemy; and he

prostrated himself before the Jacobins of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" when he happened to leave one of their insolent missives unanswered for a day or two, under a pressure of important public business to which he had inadvertently given precedence. Only the other day he persuaded the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to give the same set of people official recognition at a great State ceremonial by the side of the other—we suppose we must say other—Estates of the Realm. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE might go a step further and sit down and write to Mr. ODGER's dictation, or let Mr. BRADLAUGH make his speeches for him; but, short of this, it would seem as if he had done pretty well all that a Minister could do—and certainly more than any other Minister would dream of doing—to please and pacify these men.

And now he has his reward. It appears that on Saturday Mr. GLADSTONE wrote, by the hand of his private secretary, to Mr. JOSEPH GUEDELLA, one of the leading members of some self-elected Committee of so-called working-men, for opposing the Parks Bill, to say that he "was confined to his bed by indisposition," and could not therefore receive a deputation from the Committee. In point of fact, Mr. GLADSTONE had been too unwell to be present in the House of Commons on the previous night; but an excuse which was good enough for that body was not enough for Mr. GUEDELLA and his friends. Mr. GUEDELLA seems to have at once come to the conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE's indisposition was nothing more than an indisposition to get up and receive the deputation; so he called on Mr. GLADSTONE's private secretary and told him plainly that this sort of thing would not do, and that, "if Mr. GLADSTONE declined to see a deputation 'as asked, it would be the last time the working-men of 'London would trouble him with a similar request.'" This awful threat staggered the private secretary, who did his best to make peace; but Mr. GUEDELLA was not to be smoothed over by pretty talk, and he intimated before he left that, "if the 'working-men were to be treated to a Conservative policy, 'they would prefer having it from a Conservative Government.'" It is not stated whether Mr. GUEDELLA then called at Grosvenor Gate to arrange terms with Mr. DISRAELI; but we suppose it must be assumed that he and his followers are now off with Mr. GLADSTONE, or at least that Mr. GLADSTONE is off with them. It is incredible that after this even Mr. GLADSTONE should knock under and apologize for having been grossly insulted. Mr. GUEDELLA reported what had happened to his companions, and "a vote of thanks was accorded to 'him for his services.'" It is worth while to observe the kind of services which excite the admiration and gratitude of the working-men whom Mr. GLADSTONE has so long fawned upon and flattered. What can be more noble and heroic than blustering before an unfortunate private secretary who is afraid to open his mouth lest he should commit his master, or than sending insolent messages to a sick statesman, intimating that his sickness is all a sham? There have been of late some symptoms that Mr. GLADSTONE's eyes were at last being opened as to the sort of people with whom he has been dallying to the mingled amusement and disgust of the rest of the world. He must surely have got over his illusions now. It is perhaps not difficult to understand how a man of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiar temperament should have fallen into this curious phase of mind. It is sometimes said by Mr. GLADSTONE's friends that the criticisms on his conduct must be false, because they are so contradictory; at one moment he is accused of arrogance, and at another of cringing and servile humility. But in fact both charges may be true—a man may be at once arrogant and humble to a fault, keeping his arrogance for one set of people and his meekness for another. The haughtiest Popes have usually been most eager and demonstrative in their observance of the ceremony of washing the feet of the *lazzaroni* selected for the purpose at the prescribed festivals. Mr. GLADSTONE atones for his despotism in the House of Commons by his almost menial attentions to a knot of obscure and contemptible agitators whom, by a fiction of the imagination, he dignifies by the name of representatives of the people. The most singular circumstance about these so-called working-men is, as we have often said, that most of them are not working-men at all, and that the working classes, whenever the question is put to them at an election, invariably repudiate them in the most emphatic and decisive manner.

It is impossible to see how the Ministry, after having introduced the Parks Bill, and carried it so far through the House of Commons, can now abandon their ground at the dictation of the ODGERS and BRADLAUGHS, without dishonour to themselves and danger to the authority of Government. Mr. ODGER is said to have declared that, if the Bill is passed, it must be

treated as waste paper; and Mr. BRADLAUGH has intimated that he will take an early opportunity of defying the Government to put it in force. The latter held a meeting last year in Trafalgar Square, merely to show, as he said, that the HOME SECRETARY dared not interfere with him; and as the HOME SECRETARY instantly withdrew the interdict which he had placed upon the assembly, and ordered the police to protect instead of preventing the meeting, Mr. BRADLAUGH has no doubt received strong encouragement to repeat the experiment. It is obvious that if Mr. RYLANDS's amendment is accepted, the Parks Bill might as well not be passed. The object of the Bill is merely to place the Royal Parks under the same kind of regulations as municipal pleasure-grounds; but the effect of this amendment would be to perpetuate the anarchy which has hitherto prevailed; it would, in fact, be as much as to say that, whatever the Bill may provide, things shall remain exactly as before. For the Government to yield now would be simply to encourage fresh menaces and intimidation; and the mischief of weak concessions in the face of threats has already been more than sufficiently demonstrated. It has been discovered that Mr. AYRTON once claimed St. James's Palace for the people, and served the Crown with a rhetorical notice to quit at six months; and the agitators who are afraid that their privilege of annoying and disturbing the rest of the community is now in danger have had a meeting at the East-End to denounce Mr. AYRTON for his treacherous apostacy, and to stir up his constituents against him. Mr. AYRTON may reply that he is not only older but wiser now than he was when he made that silly speech, and that his official experience has enabled him to understand that the public rights over what is called Crown property are adequately secured by Parliamentary control. Mr. GUEDELLA intimated, on his recent visit to Downing Street, that he and his associates would have nothing to say to Mr. AYRTON, and they have for some time declined to recognize Mr. LOWE as a member of the Government. We have some recollection of a letter which Mr. GUEDELLA was rash enough to address to Mr. LOWE a year or two since, and which provoked a reply that perhaps accounts for the disinclination of Mr. GUEDELLA and his friends to tackle Mr. LOWE again. It is usually understood that an Administration stands or falls together, and it is difficult to understand how the First Minister reconciles it with his own self-respect or with a due regard for his associates to enter into communication with people who repudiate the authority of particular Ministers or other officials who have been appointed by himself. It is necessary that the interests and wishes of all classes of the population should be fairly consulted; but it is not desirable that the head of the Government should discredit the representative authority of Parliament by treating with self-elected and irresponsible spokesmen outside of it, or that special favour should be shown to noisy traffickers in riot and sedition.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL.

IN her new novel of *Middlemarch* George Eliot has spent a good deal of pains, and clearly with a good deal of satisfaction, over the character of Mr. Lydgate. Mr. Lydgate is a man with an ideal of life, and an ideal of what his profession ought to be or to be made. To the mind that designed him, indeed, he is obviously a much more interesting personage than he would otherwise have been, owing to the fact that his ideal is not that of a scholar but of a naturalist; his thoughts and his researches run to tissue and febrile influences rather than to various readings and editions; and with him the two contemporaries, Porson and Bichat, would have held exactly opposite poles in the region of his esteem. Besides this, there is a latent vein of sarcasm—"sneer" is not the word to apply to sarcasm like George Eliot's—running all through the description of Mr. Lydgate's ideal. It is an ideal not yet exactly beginning to disappear; but it clearly will vanish, like the aroma of the best scents; it is destined to disappear, overborne by the elements of "commonness" in the man's character and surroundings, and its evanescence will be calmly, unflinchingly, and a trifle severely watched and described. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback, Lydgate is intended to be distinguished from his professional brethren and from most other people in the book by the very fact of his having an ideal, and he is *pro tanto* a superior man. Nor is this to overestimate the value of a conception of life rising above the common level, to which conception alone the word "ideal" is really appropriate; to apply it to notions, like the commonplace working-man's, of eight hours a day and unstinted beer, or like the commonplace girl's, of a handsome settlement and a box at the Opera, as is sometimes done, is only to play fast and loose with words. Such notions imply the negation of any attempt at having an ideal at all. Lydgate is represented as proving in his own person the advantages which, more or less, an ideal-view of life or work brings with it in any case. It has given him unity of aim, persistency

of purpose, intelligence in choice, and a comparative superiority to the influence of minor obstacles and vexations. And what is more, the suggestion is tolerably apparent that he is to be held a gainer, even though his original conception may fall through altogether. It will be better to have had an ideal and lost it than never to have had an ideal at all.

It will hardly be disputed that, as time moves on, the difficulty of gaining, or of maintaining, a worthy personal ideal of life grows greater. Men move and act increasingly in the mass; and every year a stronger will and keener eye seem to be required in any one who would take up and hold a position that shall answer to a high foregone conception, without drifting into useless, or worse than useless, isolation. And in exact proportion to this personal difficulty, it becomes increasingly desirable that some ideal forms of life and action, reaching beyond the individual, should be within the eye of society on its various levels and grades. In the great daily metropolitan inflow and outflow of nearly a million people, it is easy to see that a conception of life flat, tame, and vulgar rules the minds and manners of an overwhelming majority. The early-train people, in the lower sections of them, do not very often vary at all the routine of earning and sleeping, but when they do, it is in the received suburban manner. Astley's will furnish them with an occasional *grand spectacle*; to gaze on the "ladies and gentlemen" in the ring is felt to be an emotion, a real lift to the spirits; the pantomime is like a "little heaven below." Their only idea of art is gained from the lower illustrated journals; and in *Lloyd's Weekly* or the *Family Herald* they find their literature. The classes that begin from just above these, and that run up into really wealthy strata, containing the men who drive down to the later trains with high-stepping horses and in their own broughams, spend more and attempt to enjoy more in proportion to their rise, each above the class below. But they do not get many steps, even when they get any, beyond the flat and vulgar conceptions which are to be found quite on the lowest platform. To do as one's neighbours do, but to do it a little better and a little more in the style of the real world of rank and family—and also, if possible, with a secret consciousness of better bargaining and cleverer management—this is what meets the views of most of these classes, who, though suburban, are very largely representative of the middle classes throughout the country. Speaking generally, it is extremely hard for people like these to have anything at all to say to a theory of life which lies above the common level. Such a theory would be branded with the fatal note of being "unpractical"; it would weight them beyond all endurance in the race of respectability and fashion, and might even damage some of the untraceable springs of their credit. There is all the more reason, as ideal thoughts and views are pretty sure not to come from within, why this great main body of our countrymen should not be left without something external to themselves which may continue to suggest, however unconsciously to the receivers, thoughts and conceptions removed from the race and struggle of to-day, removed also from the influence of the precise political or social or religious creed which may happen to be most in vogue among the people who shape our conventional groove. Yet a good deal has been done within the last year or two to take away from us two institutions which almost alone now serve to connect the unreading, surface-thinking, conventional Englishman of the middle classes with the possibilities of a higher atmosphere. The attacks upon the Monarchy have been mostly made from the point which never fails to command something like attention from Englishmen—namely, the suggestion of its expensiveness. By a curious coincidence, the late illness of the Prince of Wales occurred just at a time when it was useful to point out that Monarchy among ourselves was securing a result for which no price but that of freedom could be held too dear; that it was connecting the everyday lives of common people with a higher world of thought and feeling, and keeping intact the links that associate our most advanced appliances of modern political science with the primitive and ineradicable instincts of humanity. It showed, in a word, that Monarchy is silently maintaining among us an ideal of social order, preventing the nation from sinking to the level of a mercantile association, and preventing the individual (though he may become aware of the fact but once or twice in a lifetime) from dropping to the level which citizenship in such a nation would imply.

But the hostile demonstrations against the monarchical principle look no bigger than mere criticisms on the surface, when compared with the violent and organized revolt now made by a considerable section of the middle class against a society which is probably doing as much as the Crown itself, to say no more, in keeping an ideal conception of the highest value within the eye of the community. The National Church has many other claims upon national regard, but none higher than this, that it alone, among religious associations of whatever sort in this country, is able in any degree to present the connexion between religion and life, the fellowship which ought to exist, and which in a country like this can with so much advantage be maintained, between the Church and the world. Some among the abler leaders of the Nonconformists know quite well that perfection in the medium of suggestion is not necessary, that it is indeed scarcely ever to be looked for, in reference to an ideal order of things. It is therefore little to their purpose, nor do they indeed much press this side of the question, to thrust into prominence the imperfections of a body which, however, like the Church of England, has been continuously and rapidly throwing imperfections off during the last forty years. The present revolt, in many respects more remarkable than any

which has gone before, is the joint product of a belief in the existence of a great opportunity, and of exasperation at evidence of energy and resolution in the National Church far exceeding the expectations which had been formed in the earlier stages of the Education debates. It is the operation of these two causes, stimulated by the energetic lead of men like Mr. Miall and one or two others, that has induced the Dissenters, representing, as we before said, a considerable section of the middle class, to change their position with unexampled rapidity and completeness, and to make no secret of their intention to sink the interests of primary education, and any other interests that may require sinking, before the engrossing object of an attack upon the National Church along the whole line.

There are already indications that the circumstance of the main and first point of hostilities lying in the question of education may do much more to frustrate than to advance the assault in general. But, supposing that in a few more Sessions this body of assailants may have attained their object, and that the Church of England may have been disestablished according to the programme, it is by no means an irrelevant or unimportant process to reflect on this especial loss that would follow—namely, that the only religious institution capable of fostering among us a lofty ideal of social and national life would have been cut away. For the Church of England not only lives to suggest the great conception of an associated communion between the Church and the world; it does something else, which, again, no other religious society in England can do, and which is yet more necessary to be done in England than perhaps in any other country in the world, excepting only the United States—it upholds the dignity of the idea of religion. To understand how low a view on that subject men even of great activity and ability may take when they find themselves in a position of complete independence, it is only necessary to glance at Mr. Spurgeon. In the famous description of the dance on the Homeric shield of Achilles it is recorded that a divine minstrel made melody on his lyre, but that, as if by contrast, a tumbler came in and played his antics in the midst. To those who recognize a heaven-inspired harmonious agent in the "dissidence of Dissent," their brother Spurgeon must often painfully remind them of the tumbler and his antics. Only lately he has been edifying and attempting to elevate a Young Men's Christian Association by forbidding them ever again to call him "Reverend," and by disclaiming absolutely a title in which "he does not know himself," and an idea with which he is clearly not familiar. To judge by the rest of his address, the description "no duffer" would seem to his mind a better guarantee for a Baptist minister than any implying a reverend gravity of character. His recent journey to Rome was entirely in harmony with this speech. It was described at his Tabernacle with his usual force, but with the hard-headed obtuseness, coarseness, and ignorance of a man who constantly seems to be slightly irritated at the Almighty for having neglected to make it possible to carry out conversion and regeneration on the strictest business principles.

Within the pale of the Church of England this outrageous tendency to burlesque religion finds its genius rebuked. She at any rate never fails to present an ideal, rising above the harts, the vulgarities, or the diversities of the present, pointing as no other society can point to the past, and tempering prognostications of the future by the historical lessons which alone can give them value. She stands, as Dean Stanley once excellently put it, conspicuous among religious bodies as Westminster Abbey is conspicuous among churches. And at an epoch when ideals for the personal character are harder than ever to gain, and when social and political and religious thoughts want many influences, and have but few, to clear and elevate them, the iconoclast's hammer could ill be tolerated in such a quarter.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE year 1870 will long be memorable in the annals of Europe. Then at last a great power, proud of a long series of thrice glorious victories, was suddenly taught to know defeat, and taught by the very rival whom it had too confidently despised. The causes of this sudden reverse of fortune will long be discussed by philosophic historians, and it would perhaps be premature to dogmatize on the result. Thus much however may be said with confidence, that, as in many other cases, the school of adversity had been useful, and the despised rival had been quietly practising those arts of discipline and careful organization which must ultimately be crowned with success. We are of course speaking of the University boat clubs, and the sudden revelation to the world of unexpected powers on the part of the Cambridge belligerents. Yet the defeat of the Oxford oarsmen, unlike some other contemporary defeats which perhaps attracted as much notice in France and Germany, did not destroy the prestige of the defeated. Cambridge was not immediately assumed to have chained victory to its standards. The British public maintained an unabated interest in the struggles by which succeeding years have been marked. Still, as of old, the day of the boat-race is to large classes the culminating day of the year. To-morrow will be described by some persons, not by its ordinary ecclesiastical title, but as the second Sunday after the University boat-race. Youthful ambitions have been brooding ever since last October on the chance of an appearance, in one or other shade of blue, before

countless thousands of their countrymen; and though just now the annual paroxysm of excitement is succeeded by a temporary lull, there will soon be a sufficient supply of regattas to sustain the fire of enthusiasm until the serious work of the academical year begins once more in October next.

Last Saturday was worthy of so grand an occasion. Nature, to adopt the fashionable dialect of the moment, came up to the mark fit, if not precisely smiling. How, indeed, could that metaphysical power have rendered homage to our great national institution more suitably than by shrouding herself in a bitter snowstorm? As the spectators gazed through the laden air, through which the keenest vision could scarcely penetrate for a hundred yards, or shook off the soft chilling poultice which clung insinuatingly to the back of their necks, they must have tacitly admitted the propriety of the scenery. Perhaps they felt a little as if they were being taken at their word rather too sharply. Had we not all these years been boasting of the British pluck indistinguishable by the enemy or the elements, and welcoming the wild North-Easter as if we really liked it? It had come at last; and with a vengeance. If there had been an insurrection in London, and the mob had been proposing to hang the Prime Minister in Trafalgar Square, such a storm would have been a more effective ally than a regiment of Guards. Nay, if we may venture on such a hypothesis, if the snow had paid more attention to the proper order of the seasons and appeared on the 27th of February instead of the 23rd of March, we fear that a perceptible damp would have been cast upon British loyalty. Fortunately it came at the right moment to test the zeal of the true zealots of athleticism. If, as Lord Macaulay puts it, Pomona loves the orchard, and Liber loves the vine, the God of gymnasts, whoever he may be, must take a stern delight in the keen March weather, redolent of rheumatism, and almost suggestive of frost-bites, which ushered in the great hour of the contest. Nor was the enthusiasm so rudely tested deficient. If the crowd was thinned of certain lukewarm and dilettante admirers of manly prowess, it was numerous and imposing enough to testify the genuine zeal of the population. Hammersmith Bridge presented its usual festoon of screaming humanity; the last reach was thronged with dense crowds of spectators; and boatfuls of ladies might be observed gallantly ascending with the tide, where a hamper in the stern caked with half-thawed snow was a fitting symbol of the pursuit of conviviality under difficulties.

And now, what are we to say of the race itself? What Muse shall we invoke to give fitting eloquence to our pen? especially as most of those ladies have obviously been already engaged by our brethren of the daily press. Shall we "call up him who left half-told" a certain well-known story, or appeal to the more modern poet who described in fitting language the games held in honour, not indeed of athletics, but of their first cousin, Dulness, on the banks of a stream whose description is now, alas! as well fitted to the Thames himself as to his tributary:—

The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

Personification is unluckily out of fashion, or we might manufacture an appropriate deity from the power which inspires the eloquence of the *Daily Telegraph*. Left as we are to our own unassisted powers, we must be content with rendering such justice as we can to an event which, as we are happy to observe, is already familiar in its minutest details to millions of readers. When the impatience was such that a subfluvial telegraph was improvised to report progress during the race, we, who necessarily come a week behind, may be excused for languor in dealing with so stale a history.

Suffice it then to say that the race was worthy of the occasion, and more than worthy of our powers of celebration. It is true that it had the remarkable, but not quite unprecedented, feature that all its details had been minutely foreseen by innumerable prophets, who after the event referred with justifiable pride to the accuracy of their foresight. The fact is the more curious as before the event the predictions seemed to the unphilosophic eye to be irreconcilable. We cannot affect to compete with persons of such superhuman acuteness of perception; our vision being as limited as that of the lamented Weller, we could not see through a snow-storm and through the brawny bodies of half-a-dozen stalwart young men, and detect the fact that bow or two in one of the contending boats palpably interfered with the equilibrium of his crew by allowing his tongue to wander into one side of his mouth. We have no claims to equality with the gentleman who, after the Thanksgiving Procession, wrote a letter to the *Times* with the startling signature, "The eye above that sees all"; nor could we rival his penetration in detecting, not merely Her Majesty's gestures, but the thoughts which were passing through her mind. We are, and we have no hesitation in avowing the fact, human; and as such our nature suffers from certain unavoidable imperfections. Yet, weak as we are, we would venture to add our feeble tribute to the chorus of praise which should encircle the name of Goldie. We remember many distinguished oarsmen whom to name is to excite a thrill of emotion in the bosom of every old frequenter of the Cam. Who is there of twenty years' standing, to go no further back, whose frame does not quiver with something of the old fervour at the bare mention of the name of Jones, whose energy won the hardest victory ever known on the Thames; of Hall, whose career, if more chequered, was as glorious; or of Griffiths, whose exertions deserved, though fate denied to them, an equal success? We

confine ourselves to men who held the stroke-oar in their time, but there are many other old oarsmen whose fame is equally green, and amongst those who were present on the ever-memorable 23rd of March, 1872, there is not one, we are sure, who would not willingly admit that Mr. Goldie's feats surpass all previous performances. He who has brought back victory after an unparalleled period of depression, who has alone amongst all Cambridge heroes rowed stroke to three victorious crews in succession, and who has won his last struggle in spite of an accident which would have proved fatal to any crew less perfectly trained and depending upon a less cool-headed commander, deserves to be the hero of this and all coming generations of undergraduates at his own University. We cannot praise him, as we have seen him praised, for not immediately communicating his misfortune to his crew, inasmuch as we do not understand how he could possibly have done it; but certainly at the moment when the signal-gun fired and the victory was achieved, he had every right to feel proud of the discipline, due chiefly to his own exertions, and of the personal skill which had defied even so unexpected a turn of fortune. The fact alone is enough to show, in spite of certain special pleadings to the contrary, that there was a very marked difference in the merits of the two crews. Yet Oxford may fairly console themselves by referring to the misfortunes which had dogged their footsteps during training, and by the assertions of all competent observers that they made the most heroic exertions throughout the whole of the race. It is true that we never yet read of a beaten crew whose performance was not one series of magnificent, heroic, determined, and all but invincible spurts, and calculated to reflect upon them more credit than even a victory. That only proves that the race of heroes in this island is too numerous to be in danger of speedy extinction; and we are happy to reflect that we have only one serious criticism to offer, and that it tells only against the intellectual instead of the physical attainments of the crews. It is plain that although Cambridge, as a University, admits the fact that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, that useful bit of knowledge has not extended itself to the coxswain. If, however, he will remember on a future occasion that zigzagging, though useful in ascending a mountain, is an undesirable motion for a boat, we trust that we may be able to express unqualified admiration of the crew whose course he directs. May Oxford be next year all that Cambridge was this, and Cambridge not decline! Then indeed our eyes will be gratified by a spectacle never yet rivalled, and we shall be able to declare in the fulness and pride of our hearts, We too have been at an English University.

It is possible that some cynics may disapprove of that gushing enthusiasm which we have vainly striven to suppress. They may urge—nay, we have seen it urged in print—that, after all, too much may be made of these athletic performances. Let them remember, however, that the welfare of England depends in no small degree upon the Universities which set the tone to our young men; and the welfare of the Universities notoriously depends upon the excellence of their rowing. No effort can be too great to maintain the standard of the art. The University race in particular interests a whole nation, from princes down to street boys, in Oxford and Cambridge. If the development of intellect suffers more or less from the importance attached to rowing, it is a generally recognized fact that we are in the habit of trusting to Providence for our supplies of that article. Our legislators, we know, are such as it pleases Heaven to send us; nobody thinks of demanding any intellectual qualification from the men who manage the affairs of the nation; and if we are not squeamish about them, why should we be over-particular in demanding it from our rising generation? Let us take care of our muscles, and our minds will take care of themselves. A good digestion and a cold heart is said to be the secret of happiness; and why should not a powerful biceps, and lungs trained to bear the severest strains on the turf or the river, be the best qualifications for a good citizen? Perhaps the thesis might be maintained; but we confess that we have just a remnant of antiquated scrupulosity which sometimes leads us to doubt whether the Universities are precisely the places which should take the lead in this modern movement for the improvement of the race. In the poem from which we have already quoted a grand prophecy is delivered after the conclusion of the sacred games. We venture to quote the concluding lines, which not unhappily express the forebodings of some people, and we will express our own hope that they may not meet with a too literal fulfilment. The enraptured ghost of Settle thus delivers himself:—

Proceed, great days, till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lies dissolved in Port!

The last rhyme seems to be imperfect; and though we cannot suggest a perfect emendation, the words might perhaps be adapted, with some loss of poetry, but with a gain in accuracy, as thus:—

Till Cam and Isis cut their lectures short,
And Alma Mater lies absorbed in sport!

THE ENGLISH OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.

IT jars a little on our commonly received notions of human progress when we hear, as we ever and anon do hear, of this or that art being lost from among men. Some process of human

skill by which men could once produce some class of useful or ornamental objects, nay, perhaps some more dignified process of saving or destroying men's lives, has utterly perished and been forgotten. Now among these lost arts it is painful to have to reckon the art of making prayers. That art has been going down ever since the sixteenth century. In fact, as far as we Englishmen are concerned, it may be said to have existed only during a few years in the middle of the sixteenth century. There was one short moment in our ecclesiastical history when we were left wholly to ourselves, to the dictates of our own insular wisdom, when we had got rid of Rome and had not yet let in Geneva. It is a thing to be noticed that our first Prayer-Book, our most truly English Prayer-Book, did not contain the Daily Exhortation which is sometimes irreverently spoken of as "Dearly Beloved." At the other end, too, it did not contain that marvellous prayer for the Queen's Majesty which sounds as if its author, having raised Queen Elizabeth almost to the level of Deity, was puzzled to find words yet more exalted for the invocation of Deity itself. Nor did it contain that other prayer which seems to class among "great marvels" the possibility of clergy and people each doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Some people have ventured to think that, now that there is a talk of shortening the Services, the best way of shortening Morning and Evening Prayer would be to get rid of the later exorcises which have grown on to them at both ends. But these are matters which are too high for us, and we will not risk ourselves a step further in the way of discussing them. We wish to look at the Prayer-Book, not as a matter either of theology or of ecclesiastical law, but as a matter of the English tongue.

On the whole, there is for us no English like the English of the Prayer-Book, and, next to that, no English like that of our translation of the Bible. Both were made at a happy moment. They belong to that exact stage of our language which is archaic enough to be venerable, but not so archaic as to be generally hard to understand. Being the only writings of their own age which are thoroughly familiar to every one, they seem to have a character of their own, a sort of personal existence apart from other writings which does not belong to them in their own nature. We feel towards them in a way in which the men of the sixteenth century could not have felt towards them. But our feeling, if in some sort the result of accident, is none the less real and healthy. It is a great thing to have a monument of that fresh and vigorous stage of our language familiar to every ear and every tongue. But that is not all; the English of the Prayer-Book has something more than the incidental merit of representing a very happy stage of the language. The men who used it knew thoroughly well what they were about; they knew how to adapt their language to the particular purpose for which it was meant. The sixteenth century was an age of long-winded sentences; but we find no long-winded sentences in the original portions of the Prayer-Book; and the authors of the Prayer-Book understood in its perfection one art which we will not say is wholly lost, but which it is certain that a vast number of people do not understand or care for. We mean the art of prose rhythm. Many people seem to put together their sentences anyhow; they either do not think about the matter at all, or only think how they may drag in the longest words. But here and there you find a writer who weighs every syllable that he writes, to whom a syllable too much or too little is as painful in a prose sentence as in a stanza of verse, and to whom a thoughtless change of a rhythmically built sentence is as grating to the ear as a false quantity in a hexameter or iambic verse. There is some mysterious law in these matters which we are not philosophers enough to throw into the shape of any definite precepts, but about which a careful writer feels by instinct when it is obeyed and when it is broken. Now among men who thoroughly knew what rhythm was we must give a high place to the makers of our Prayer-Book, and, above all, to the authors of the older translation of the Book of Psalms. They knew what people nowadays seem to forget, that what they wrote was meant to be said or sung. They therefore by an unfailling instinct threw it into a form in which it really could be said or sung. A modern Archbishop's occasional prayer may be a very devout and orthodox composition, it may be a first-rate example of the art of fine writing, but it is about as fit to be said or sung as an article in the *Daily Telegraph* or the speech of a Duke at an agricultural meeting. In fact, when we read of some political magnate expressing "the enormous satisfaction" with which he sets forth the "magnificent demonstration of such a concourse of people," we get a dim feeling of a vastness and stateliness which is something more than ducal, almost archiepiscopal. We have no notion by what process either lordly speeches or archiepiscopal prayers are put together, but we have read somewhere of some part of Great Tartary where they have a praying-machine which pulls out prayers by the yard, or whatever may be the proper measure for reckoning the length of a prayer in an agglutinative language. We have seen in our own country a mill which turned out Latin verses, and we cannot help thinking that some machinery of the same kind is busily at work in turning out various specimens of language, spiritual and temporal. For our part we have no hope, unless we could see our way to conjuring up a man of the sixteenth century to make our prayers for us. Failing that, we would suggest that we should give up a task which has proved utterly hopeless, and should content ourselves with the undoubted truth that nothing ever yet happened for which it was not easy to find an appropriate psalm. This brings us back to our former point. How much rhythm

tells in the matter is shown by the fact that we still keep in use the translation of the Psalms which was made in the time of Henry the Eighth. No one doubts that the translation of James the First's time is, as a matter of Hebrew scholarship, an incomparably better translation. No one doubts that in the older version many passages are quite wrongly rendered, and that some are quite unintelligible. Yet the reviewers of Charles the Second's time, when they ordered the Epistles and Gospels to be changed to the new translation, did not think of applying the same rule to the Psalms. And, as far as we know, no one wishes for any such change now. Indeed the later version is hardly ever used at all; no one ever quotes it except as a text for a sermon. And why? Because every one feels that, whatever may be its faults in other ways, the older version is a noble piece of English, and that it is specially suited for its special purpose, that of being said or sung. Every verse of the older version is rhythmical; the music is ready made. The more correct version of King James's translators it would be hopeless to try to sing; the thing could not be done; the clauses are not built for the purpose. As for any further attempts at improvement in our own day, we shudder to think of them. A closer approach to the exact meaning of the Hebrew would be dearly purchased if "the round world and all that therein is" should be changed into "the terra-queous globe and the entirety of its contents."

We have been led into this train of thought by a document purporting to be a scheme for the reform of the Athanasian Creed. We have by some chance stumbled on it in a report of the proceedings of the Convocation of York, but which we have no doubt has been laid before the Convocation of Canterbury also. The document is a report signed by five Bishops—those of London, Winchester, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, and Chester. Now let us ask our readers to look for a moment at the Creed, or whatever it is to be called, which has just now once more become the subject of so much controversy, from an unusual point of view. We ask to be allowed to be for awhile neither theological, nor historical, nor critical. We will say not a word as to the dogmas which the Creed sets forth, or as to the wisdom of fencing them in with anathemas. We will be for the nonce wholly indifferent whether it is a work of the time of Constantius or a work of the time of Charles the Great. We will not hearken to any discussions as to the authority of this or that manuscript, or as to the critical value of this or that reading. We will look at the English version of the Creed, as it stands in our Prayer-Books, simply as a piece of English. As such it is beyond all praise; nothing was ever yet put together more thoroughly suited to be said or sung. It is hardly possible to read it without being irresistibly tempted to the act of saying or singing. The rhythm of every clause is perfect; there is not a syllable too much or too little; crowded necessarily as it is with technical terms of theology, it is wonderful to see how they have been caught and broken in and made to play their part in a piece of English which for its own purpose is altogether unsurpassed. When the Creed is properly sung by a well-trained choir, a heretic himself could almost submit to be cursed in a formula of such majestic harmony. And now let us see what our five Bishops propose to do. They may have, for aught we know, good reasons enough as concerns the Latin text, but they are going to destroy an altogether perfect piece of English. They begin in the very first verse; "whosoever will be saved," is to be "whosoever willeth to be saved." Now the five Bishops who laid their heads together had not any one of them ear enough to feel that their proposal gives two syllables too much, and utterly ruins the rhythm of the first clause. The next change is, if possible, worse. "Everlastingly" is to be changed into "eternally." The reason of this change is wholly beyond us; if any theological difference lurks between the two words, if "eternally" is supposed to be a milder formula than "everlastingly," we are too dense to follow so subtle a distinction. But we do see that a Latin word is needlessly put in the place of an English one, and that a wonderful piece of rhythm is utterly swept away. It shows how every rule has its exceptions—it shows the instinctive delicacy of ear of the English translators of the Creed—that, while in this verse it would be ruin to put the Latin word instead of the English, yet in that place of the Creed where the Latin word is found, to replace it by the English would be, to say the least, no improvement. Then we come to the clause which contains the word "incomprehensible," a long foreign word, and used in an unusual sense, but which yet, by some lucky chance, gives exactly the rhythm that is wanted. The five Bishops propose to substitute "infinite"; if a rubric be added to say that the accent is to be laid on the second syllable the change may be just borne, but even then the majestic roll of the longer word will be lost. And, if the word be sounded as it commonly is, the whole music of the clause will vanish utterly. And so the thing goes on; a number of small changes are proposed which may likely enough, as in the case of the Psalms, more correctly represent some more correct Latin text, but which are so many death-blows to the hymn *Quicumque vult* as a piece of English to be said or sung. Lastly, the last clause of all is to stand thus:—"This is the holy and Catholic Faith, which every man who desireth to attain to eternal life ought to know wholly and to guard faithfully." No doubt, as far as regards the matter, the new formula is a considerable softening down of the old one, but the one can be sung and the other cannot; and, as all Psalms and Hymns should be pointed as they are to be said or sung in churches, we should ask the five Bishops where we are to put the point in a sentence almost as long

as a German sentence in the old-fashioned *Kanzleistyl*. We see that in the debates of the Northern Convocation the announcement of these proposed changes was immediately followed by a proposal by the Dean of Chester and the Bishop of Ripon to get rid of the Creed altogether in public worship. Perhaps, if it is to be mauled in this ruthless way, its friends as well as its enemies may be less keen to make a fight on its behalf.

But the question is only part of a more general one. There may be good reasons, theological or other, for changes either in the Prayer-Book or in the translation of the Bible; but those who are set on such a delicate task should at least remember that what they are handling is, whatever else it is, one of the most precious possessions of Englishmen, a monument of their native speech which forms no small part of their national heritage. No doubt our received translation of the Bible might in many places be improved. We do not say a word against any such improvement; but, with such examples as we have before us, we do feel very great dread lest an indiscreet and unsympathizing meddling with compositions of the very highest order may take away something which, by association at least, is certainly not less valuable than a more minutely correct reproduction of the original.

THE RIVAL PROGRAMMES.

THE Duke of Edinburgh, having come forward as spokesman of the projectors of Albert Hall, must submit to have his speech criticized as if it had been uttered by Mr. Cole C.B. and the other troublesome persons who instructed him. The net result of this manifesto is that the shareholders in the Albert Hall collectively represent the nation, but that individually they are entitled to make the best profit they can upon their shares. Slowly and reluctantly, but inevitably, the high-soaring benefactors of the human race are driven to admit that, like other commercial Companies, they seek a dividend. They are now advertising a series of eighteen concerts "of the highest class." Her Majesty the Queen "has intimated her hope" to be present at the first of the great Choral Concerts. The subscription is as follows, &c. If Sir Charles Dilke had "intimated his hope" that a fair proportion of the profits of this particular concert would be paid by the managers of the Albert Hall into the Treasury, the notion would not have been as absurd as some others which he has propounded. The great majority of the nation thinks that Royalty is worth its cost, and that the yearly bill ought to be paid without narrowly scrutinizing the items. But still it must be felt that Royalty belongs to the nation, and ought not to be lent like a theatrical property to private speculators. At rare intervals the Queen has made what are called State visits to the theatre or opera. These visits are necessarily announced some time beforehand, and probably the manager is able to dispose of tickets at an enhanced price. But still the immediate object of this arrangement is a State ceremony, whereas the advertisement which we have quoted is obviously intended merely to sell the tickets for the series of concerts "of the highest class." The tickets are to be transferable, and people who apply for them in good time will doubtless make a good thing by transferring tickets for the particular concert at which Her Majesty may be able to realize the hope which she now intimates. The managers of theatres and concert-halls may reasonably ask why this privilege should be granted to a new and formidable rival. The names of "Prince," "Princess," and "Victoria," have been for many years applied to places of public entertainment without attracting any great amount of Royal patronage; and it is difficult to understand how the name of "Albert" comes to be so much more efficacious. The mock procession comprising Britannia and the British Lion which appeared in Oxford Street on Thanksgiving Day was perhaps regarded as an impertinence. But the party of circus-riders and clowns who on that occasion competed with Royalty for popular favour would now be justified in alleging that Royalty competes with them.

The Duke of Edinburgh was of course instructed to handle discreetly this delicate subject of the Royal patronage of Albert Hall. He said that a proposal had been set on foot for establishing a hall for the encouragement of science and art facing the Albert Memorial, "forming an integral part of it, and intended to give, as it were, life to the whole." The Duke of Edinburgh is probably no more responsible for the language of his speech than the Queen is for that which Ministers put into her mouth when she opens Parliament. Indeed we think that the style of his address supports the idea which the managers of the Hall are anxious to encourage, that they have an intimate connexion with the Court. Surely no speaker who was not officially inspired would commit the absurdity of stating that the Albert Hall was intended to form "an integral part" of the Albert Memorial on the other side of the road. You might as well say that the National Gallery was intended to form "an integral part" of the Nelson monument, or the Houses of Parliament an integral part of the statue of King Richard I. Besides, we happen to remember that very soon after the death of the Prince Consort an attempt was made to turn the national sorrow for his loss into a profitable commodity, and much trouble was taken by ourselves and others to expose and defeat the scheme by which the speculators of South Kensington endeavoured to constitute themselves representatives of the British Empire. The result is that there is a monument which is national in the Park, and there

is the Hall, which is private property, beyond. The intention was not that the one should be an integral part of the other, but that the two should be distinct, and this intention has been carried out; although Mr. Cole C.B. and his associates have been incessantly scheming to depart from it. The notion of the Hall "giving life" to the Memorial is even more surprising. We should have conjectured that the object of the clients of the Duke of Edinburgh was to make the Memorial, or rather the memory, of the Prince Consort, "give life" to the Hall. The Duke proceeds to say:—"This Hall can, therefore, to a certain extent, be considered as a national undertaking, and as far as it is concerned, the corporation may be considered to represent the nation." The word "therefore" indicates that the Duke supposes himself to have demonstrated the national character of the Hall. But, as we understand, his proof amounts to no more than this, that the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 realized a surplus which they invested in land, on part of which stands the Albert Hall. It is notorious that these Commissioners attempted to take the nation into partnership, and the nation declined a connexion which, however advantageous, would have been very costly. Like Sir Peter Teazle and his wife, the country was to find the money, and Cole & Co. would spend it elegantly.

We must demur to the Duke's conclusion that the corporation of seatholders of the Albert Hall "may be considered to represent the nation," and it is to be lamented that he should have been made the unwitting mouthpiece of the impudent mendacity which dictated this statement. Parliament, which does represent the nation, has distinctly refused to allow it to be involved in the proceedings of the Commissioners, and a connexion with the corporation of the Albert Hall would be still more intolerable. The Duke, indeed, admits in the next sentence that this corporation is nothing but a commercial company. "Of course," he says, "the individual seatholder is entitled to consider his interest as a pecuniary one; but the corporation as a body should take a large and expansive view of the institution." Here, again, we find a resemblance to the style of a Queen's Speech, which is perhaps assumed in order to countenance the idea that the corporation and the nation are one concern. It must be confessed that the founders of the Hall take a sufficiently expansive view of that institution when they represent it as national. It is now to be placed, the Duke says, "on a sound basis." It is to be self-supporting, with a prospect of just sufficient gain to ensure maintenance and gradual improvement. There is to be an efficient manager well paid, and there are to be—incredible as it may appear—penny concerts. The inhabitants of Chelsea have closed Cremorne, and the inhabitants of Lambeth are trying to prevent the opening of the Surrey Gardens. It remains to be seen whether the inhabitants of Kensington will patiently endure the establishment in their neighbourhood of a gigantic penny gaff. The working-man is admirable in his proper place, but if he gets between the wind and nobility it is possible that nobility may object. The result of the Duke's statement is that the corporation desire to sell more sittings, or, in other words, to raise further capital; and it may not perhaps be irrelevant to remark, that a man in fustian or rags who pays one penny may contrive to occupy a seat or box for which the nominal proprietor has paid many guineas.

There's a difference between
A beggar and a queen;

or at least there used to be. But it appears that at the Albert Hall dukes and roughs are likely to come into nearer juxtaposition than they have done since the days of prizefighting.

The managers of the Crystal Palace are not so fortunate as to be assisted by a Royal Duke in taking "an expansive view" of that institution, and maintaining it "in a manner worthy of the magnitude of the undertaking and the importance of its objects." They might, indeed, make a merit of expecting only just sufficient gain to ensure maintenance and improvement, because they are very unlikely to get more. But at any rate they have not yet reached the point of contemplating penny concerts. Their programme for Good Friday is curiously constructed to propitiate, if possible, at once the religious and the secular elements of society. You could keep either holy day or holiday within their precincts. There was a grand sacred concert, and a hymn sung by as many visitors as choose to join in it; while other visitors were attracted by an artistic and scientific programme, in which we observe that compounds of "ology" occur with alarming frequency. It appears that for this day only the doxology was added to the usual series. It is rather hard upon the old establishment at Norwood that the new one at Kensington should quietly treat it as non-existent, and proceed upon the supposition that fine-art courts, and picture galleries, and technological collections have been invented by its founders for the intellectual improvement of the British public. The managers of the Crystal Palace bear up as well as they can against the formidable competition of the Albert Hall. We have compared their printed programme for the season with the speech of the Duke of Edinburgh, and we are unable to decide which is the more wonderful example of literary composition. There is to be at Norwood "a poetical allegory or masque," which we might unadvisedly have called a ballet, on Easter Monday. In this entertainment "the deliciousness of flowers will be combined with that of rills and cascades of real water, as well as with other particular features." Surely the force of descriptive language can no further go. But there is commercially an enormous difference between a mere advertisement in the first page of the *Times* and an an-

nouncement in the form of a report of a speech by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Directors of the Crystal Palace have engaged "Wombwell's Royal Menagerie" for the season, but the Committee of the Albert Hall have engaged Royalty itself.

THE OLD CATHOLICS IN AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

THE German bishops seem ready enough to take up the gauntlet thrown down by Prince Bismarck. Another episcopal meeting in Fulda is announced to be held in April; the fourth, we believe, in that ill-omened place during the last two years and a half. Meanwhile the Bishop of Ermland, who had been requested by the Government to withdraw his excommunications, as being contrary to the law of the land, has not only not complied with the request, but has already named a successor to the excommunicated parish priest Grunert; while the military provost, Ramzanowski, who may be presumed to be acting under his direction, has forbidden Grunert to officiate any longer as chaplain of the forces, thereby contravening the instructions of the military authorities. At Bonn the four recalcitrant Professors of the Catholic Faculty have been solemnly excommunicated by the Archbishop of Cologne, and have replied to his sentence in a manifesto, to which we shall have occasion to refer presently. One of them has since preached in the *Altkatholik* church at Bonn, and a Conference of some hundred Old Catholic deputies from various cities in Germany has been held there. A general Congress is summoned for next September at Cologne. The Austrian bishops, who were prominent in the Opposition at Rome, appear to be no less resolute in enforcing the Vatican dogmas, but they have hitherto been supported rather than restrained by their Government. As far as words go, we doubt indeed whether any of them has approached the new Archbishop of Paris, whose recent Lenten pastoral is truly a marvel of composition. We can only pause here in passing to cull a few specimens of the flowers of sacred eloquence which adorn its pages. It traces throughout an elaborate parallel, which to a colder or more reverent faith might seem almost blasphemous, between "Pius IX. and Him whose Vicar he is." The former, we are told, like his Master, has nowhere to lay his head; his house has become a prison, and is continually threatened; his royal diadem is replaced by a crown of thorns, "and he appears in his desolation such as was the Divine Saviour in His Passion; he is really in the eyes of the universe the *Ecce Homo*, the Man of Sorrows"; he is expiating in union with his Divine Master the crimes of the age, "and renews in the sight of men and angels the sublime spectacle of the death of the God-Man." There are certainly, by the way, no traces of this melancholy state of things in the telegram which records the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Vatican. It is of course only natural after this that such wondrous resemblances should be declared worthy of all admiration and respect, and that the faithful should be exhorted "to bear his cross for him like Simon of Cyrene, and wipe his face like the pious Veronica." We can understand now something of the "Pius-cult," or as others have styled it, Lamaism, said to be practised at Rome, which must in fairness be allowed to be a perfectly legitimate corollary of the infallibilist dogma. How far any other cult is likely to be benefited or encouraged by it is another question. Dr. Michaud will probably feel that his Archbishop has supplied a fresh justification for the step he has taken in renouncing allegiance to him. Our present concern, however, is rather with the course of proceedings in Germany than in France. And we will first turn to Austria, where the last move of the Government in refusing any civil recognition to the status or acts of the Old Catholic clergy is provoking strong remonstrance. Two important documents are before us which deserve some notice here—the one, a pamphlet by Maassen, the learned Professor of Canon Law at Vienna, who has followed the example of his brother canonist, Schulte of Prague, in stating his views on the decree of Stremayer, the Minister of Worship; the other, a Memorial addressed to the Chamber of Deputies by the Superior of the Old Catholic congregation at Vienna.

Professor Maassen expounded his estimate of the situation in what reads very like the preamble of an Act of Parliament. We may thus summarize his leading points. The notion that the State in its dealings with a religious community has simply to consider who are its regular officers, and not what doctrine they teach, is false in principle, and leads to absurd consequences; while on the other hand even bishops assembled in Council may err in definitions of faith, as was indeed acknowledged by the Vatican Council when it declared the Pope to be the divinely constituted organ of infallibility. But the doctrine that a mere man possesses the infallibility of the Almighty Creator is in glaring contradiction with the Catholic faith, which has therefore been essentially altered by the Vatican decree; and this, moreover, was expressly affirmed in the memorandum of the Austrian Minister of Worship of July 25, 1870, where it is said to involve a "fundamental revolution," and one which must affect all the relations hitherto existing between Church and State. And even if the strict consequences deducible from this declaration are not to be pressed against the innovators, the State is at least bound to observe its obligations towards those who adhere to the unaltered faith of the Church. From these premises Dr. Maassen draws five practical conclusions. In the first place, the State is bound to refuse all civil recognition to ecclesiastical censures pronounced

against those who reject the Vatican dogmas; secondly, in parishes where the regular pastor is an infallibilist, it is bound to secure to the Old Catholic members of the congregation the joint use of the parish church; and, thirdly, to guarantee, under such conditions as it may choose to fix, the rights of Old Catholic pastors in dioceses presided over by an infallibilist bishop. And further, the State is bound to take care, in applying the laws on education, that no violence is done to the consciences either of Old Catholics or infallibilists. Finally, there is urgent need for such legislation as may definitively secure the equal rights of both classes of believers. The tone and substance of this manifesto seem moderate enough, and the same may be said on the whole of the address of the Old Catholics to the Chamber of Deputies. The grievance chiefly dwelt on, which is no doubt one of constant recurrence, is the present legal invalidity of Old Catholic marriages. The petitioners state quite truly that, according to the invariably received Catholic doctrine, marriage is a sacrament by virtue of the consent of the parties themselves, and independently of any religious ceremony, and they deny that the State has any right to meddle with this purely doctrinal question. It follows that to refuse civil validity to the marriages of Old Catholics and treat them as concubinage is an oppression of conscience as well as an injustice, a mere stretch of "might over right." If civil marriage were compulsory in Austria, the difficulty would of course be solved; but at present the faithful generally shrink from it on conscientious grounds, and obviously it cannot with any show of justice be imposed on one part of the community and not on the other. The petitioners also insist on their equitable claim to the retention of Church property, as maintaining the ancient and unaltered faith of the Church. There was reported to be some disposition on the part of the Government to reconsider its attitude on this question, and the influential protests which it has elicited can hardly fail of producing some effect; but the latest news is that Stremayer's decree is confirmed. In Baden, on the other hand, as we gather from the recent reply of the Minister of State to a question in the Chamber, the Government is following the Bavarian precedent. At Munich the parish priest of St. Peter's, a furious infallibilist, is being proceeded against for a violent political sermon.

The spirited letter addressed to the Archbishop of Cologne by the four excommunicated Professors at Bonn is, in a religious sense, a still more weighty document. It bears the date of March 16, four days after the sentence was pronounced, and is subscribed by Dr. Hilgers, Dr. Reusch, and Dr. Langen, Professors in the Catholic Faculty of Theology, and Dr. Knoodt, Catholic Professor of Philosophy. They begin by citing the words of the episcopal missive which declare them "to have *ipso facto* incurred the greater excommunication for notorious heresy in refusing their *ex animo* assent to the decrees of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican." To this they reply that, as the sin of heresy consists in the deliberate rejection of the doctrine of the Church, they have not incurred it by refusing to accept dogmas which they are convinced form no part of the deposit of faith handed down from the Apostles, while they still adhere to the doctrine of the Catholic Church as they were themselves taught it, and as they have for years past publicly taught it to others, with the full sanction of ecclesiastical authority, "in which faith, by God's grace, they desire to live and die." And then they proceed to recall to the Archbishop's memory one or two notorious facts. They remind his Grace of his own declaration, in March 1870, in the *Synopsis Observationum*, that for many reasons he could not assent to the proposed definition of infallibility, and that many learned and orthodox theologians considered such a definition impossible on account of the grave historical difficulties and the manifold adverse testimonies of the holy Fathers, while many, even of those who desired it, had no such firm conviction as is requisite for imposing an article of faith under anathema. Nor had it ever been the custom of the Church to impose such definitions without at least the moral unanimity of the bishops assembled in Council, which could not in this case be looked for. He had added that in many countries the opinion was unknown to the faithful, and would be regarded as a fundamental change of their religion. And again, in the Protest of May 8 against introducing the Schema on the Primacy, which was also signed by Archbishop Melchers, in common with the other Opposition bishops, the promoters of the dogma are described as *men qui non inimicos Ecclesie sed fratres vincentes scholarumque opinionibus palmam victoria vindicantes Ecclesie gravissimum damnum inferunt*. An opinion thus characterized cannot possibly, the Professors observe, be an article of faith. They add that till quite recently the contrary has been taught in Catholic schools and catechisms under ecclesiastical authority; and that the most illustrious champions of Catholicism, like Count Stolberg, described Papal infallibility as "one of those gross falsehoods invented and propagated by the enemies of the Catholic religion." Count Stolberg, we may remark, is a special hero with Dr. Robertson, the Ultramontane translator of *Antijamus*, and Professor of History in "the Catholic University of Dublin," who declares that he "gave the first impulse to Catholic literature, and commenced that series of eminent writers who have since adored Catholic Germany." Thus the impediment to accepting the Vatican decrees, the memorialists proceed to observe, lies in notorious and unquestionable facts, and not, "as a blinded party love to affirm," in the ignorance of professors who want to be infallible themselves. They are well

aware of the usual reply, which Archbishop Manning has emphatically propounded in this country, that historical facts must succumb to dogmatic decrees of a General Council. But not to insist on the circumstance that the Vatican Synod has simply "assented to" a Papal decree (*approbante Concilio*), neither Pope nor Council is competent to add anything to the traditional deposit of faith, nor would any Council which observed the rules hitherto followed at such assemblies attempt it. And here again the Professors refer to the protest of the Bishops of May 8, on the method of procedure adopted at the Vatican Synod, which they solemnly condemned *tum apud homines, tum in tremendo Dei judicio, quantum ad nos attinet*, and desired that their protest should remain as a *perenne documentum* of their mind on the subject. It is further notorious that no searching examination of the question, such as Cardinal Rauscher and many other bishops declared to be absolutely indispensable, ever took place at the Council, and that many of its members opposed not only the opportuneness, but the doctrinal truth, of the definition. A decision thus arrived at cannot become an article of faith through the subsequent "submission" of the bishops who opposed it, and those who are excommunicated for continuing to reject it must repudiate the sentence as invalid, according to the words of Pope Gelasius I. in his letter to the Eastern bishops, that "an unjust sentence can injure no one before God and His Church." And as for the scandal caused by the excommunication of priests who have long exercised their office of public teachers in a University without blame, the responsibility must rest on those who have pronounced it, not on them. They appeal with confidence to the judgment of those whose respect they value, and to the invisible Lord of the Church, against the iniquitous sentence designed to exclude them from its communion. The letter concludes, "It rests with God whether we shall live to see the end of the present confusion. But we had rather depart this life laden with unjust censures than become accomplices of those who have introduced this confusion, or who, in their mistaken zeal for upholding the external unity of the Church, have professed doctrines which they could not fail to perceive, as we did, on candid examination, to be nothing short of a fundamental perversion of the traditional faith of the Catholic Church." This is plain speaking of a kind which the Archbishop, who is reported to be something of a despot over his clergy, will hardly appreciate. And it follows close on the death of the excommunicated nun, Sister Augustine, in the same diocese, of whom we lately spoke, and who preferred, like these Professors, to die under ecclesiastical censure rather than purchase absolution by abjuring her hereditary faith.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT'S APPEAL

IT appears that the Tichborne Claimant has broken down as a commercial speculation, and that those who supplied him with funds to carry on his suit, on the chance of pocketing a large share of his winnings, are not prepared to provide for his defence now that the question has become only one of justice. The Claimant has, therefore, been obliged to appeal to the public for subscriptions, and of course he is very sanguine as to the result. He is evidently a man, if not, as Wordsworth says, of cheerful yesterdays, at least of confident to-morrows. Only a few thousands more and up he goes, and no mistake this time; first he must get rid of this charge of perjury, which with money he can easily do; then he will begin an action for the Doughty estates; and with the proceeds of these—of course he will get them—he will pay off the trifle of 80,000*l.* due as costs on the late suit, and have another fling at the Tichborne property. These are his projects, as confided to a friendly Reporter; but in his letter he confines himself to the question of the moment. We should not wonder if this appeal met with a liberal response. Confidence begets confidence; and Englishmen have not only a strong love of fair play, but a natural disposition to side with a man who is down, and who seems to be deserted by his friends, or by those who stuck to him as long as they thought they could make anything out of him. There is a general desire that the mystery of the case—as far as there is any mystery—should be probed to the bottom; and the Tichborne trial has been such good reading for a long time, and the new novels are all so stupid, that many people miss it very much, and would probably not object to pay handsomely for a continuation of it, with new effects and a change of scene. In a country like this there are always a considerable number of persons who do not know what to do with their money, and who are glad of any excuse for parting with it, especially if it supplies excitement and smacks of benevolence. "Some men," according to the profound aphorism in the Claimant's note-book, "has plenty money and no brains, and some men has plenty brains and no money; surely men with plenty money and no brains were made for men with plenty brains and no money." It would be absurd to find fault with the Claimant for making this appeal; and of course those who think that he is an injured man, and that without assistance he will not be able to secure a fair trial, will naturally give him the benefit of their contributions. A very nice question might indeed be raised as to the manner in which money was procured to carry on the former suit, and the Tichborne bond-holders will find some observations in Blackstone's well-known chapter on "Offences against Public Justice," which may perhaps have a personal interest for

them. Maintenance is defined by Blackstone to be "an officious intermeddling in a suit that no way belongs to one, by maintaining or assisting either party, with money or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it." A man may, however, with impunity maintain the suit of a near kinsman, servant, or poor neighbour out of charity and compassion. Maintenance may also consist, as Bacon remarks, "in assisting another to his pretensions to lands, or holding them for him by force or subtlety, or stirring up quarrels in the county in relation to matters wherein one is no way concerned." Champerty (*campi partitio*) is a bargain with a plaintiff or defendant to divide the land or other matter sued for, as, for example, the revenues of lands, if they prevail at law; whereupon the champertor is to carry on the party's suit at his own expense. "These pests of civil society," Blackstone observes with some warmth, "that are perpetually endeavouring to disturb the repose of their neighbours, and officiously interfering in other men's quarrels, even at the hazard of their own fortunes, were severely animadverted upon by the Roman law; they were punished by the forfeiture of a third part of their goods, and by perpetual infamy." But these remarks need not deter people from subscribing to the Castro Defence Fund. To assist a man in endeavouring to obtain possession of estates by a suit at law, on condition of sharing the proceeds of the action if successful, is obviously a different thing from providing a prisoner with the means of defending himself from a criminal charge. Fraudulent or vexatious claims to property would certainly be encouraged if it became usual to carry on civil suits on joint-stock principles, with limited liability for the safety of the speculators.

Of course the Claimant is right to appeal to the public for subscriptions, if he thinks he can get any; but the public, on the other hand, will naturally consider whether there are any reasons why the Claimant is entitled to special sympathy and assistance as compared with his companions in Newgate and the inmates of other Houses of Detention throughout the country; and whether, considering how much money he has already had, and the use he has made of it, to give him more would not be sending good money after bad. In his letter the Claimant represents himself as a "cruelly persecuted" man, "a victim of might against right," and he suggests that all the power of the Government is now being employed to crush him in consequence of the Attorney-General having been leading counsel for the Tichborne family. In a conversation with an interviewing Reporter he is said to have further complained that he was very ill used by the Judge and jury in the Common Pleas, as well as by the defendants and their lawyers. Mr. Gorton, the Claimant's solicitor, has also written to the papers to insinuate that the Tichborne family do not believe in the truth of their own story that Roger was tattooed, and that it was only concocted as an afterthought to strengthen a weak case. It may be doubted whether the interests of the Claimant are likely to be advanced by newspaper controversy, and, above all, by narrowing the issue to be decided to a question whether there has been deliberate fraud and perjury on the part of the members of the Tichborne family or of the Claimant. We have no intention of going into the details of the evidence as to the tattoo marks; but we imagine that nobody except the Claimant and his solicitor has any difficulty in understanding why the Tichborne family may have thought it expedient not to make a premature disclosure of their information on this subject. Assuming the Claimant to be an impostor, it was natural to suppose that, if he had heard anything about the tattoo marks, he would at once make inquiries as to what sort of marks they were, and endeavour to imitate them on his own person. The evidence which was produced in the late trial, and especially the Dowager's own letters, showed that, whether or not the Claimant was Roger, the poor crazy old lady was determined to recognize him, even before she saw him or knew anything about him; and that in her childish folly she was not only willing, but eager, to provide the means of imposing on herself and others. It was evident that nothing would shake her foregone conclusion as to the Claimant's identity with Roger, and that everything she knew or that came to her ears was at once communicated to her supposed son. It was therefore the merest prudence for the Tichborne family to keep their secret to themselves until they saw that it would be safe to divulge it. There can be no doubt that the evidence as to these marks produced a strong impression on the jury, and if the Claimant can shake it he will make a good point for himself. At the same time it must also be remembered that when the jury were asked whether their intimation that the case had gone far enough was based exclusively on this part of it, they replied that it was not, and that they had taken the whole case into careful consideration. Nor would it altogether save the Claimant even if he could produce Arthur Orton in Court as distinct from himself; that would only show that he is not Orton, but he might still be Tom Castro, and an impostor. Of course if Roger Tichborne's relatives are leagued in a conspiracy to disown him, that is no doubt persecution; and the Claimant will have an opportunity of proving it, if he can. If he means, however, as we understand him to mean, that he is also being persecuted by the Government, it is necessary to point out that, after the collapse of the Claimant's suit, Chief Justice Bovill had no alternative but to order him into custody on a charge of perjury, and that it then devolved on the law officers of the Crown to undertake the prosecution. In every respect the Claimant has been treated in precisely the same way as any other person would be treated who was committed to prison on a similar charge. The question of

tail is in the hands, not of the Government, but of the Judges; his papers have been seized by the police in the ordinary way; and if he is without funds to pay the costs of his defence, he is only in the same position in which many other accused persons unhappily find themselves. It must not be forgotten that the Claimant was, in one sense, on his trial in the Common Pleas; that all the evidence he could produce was listened to with the utmost patience for months together, and that he had previously had five or six years to get up his case. He must have been aware of the double-edge of the weapon he was fighting with, and of the penalty which awaited him if he failed to win.

The result of the Claimant's appeal to the public will help to complete the wonderful exhibition of human nature which has been presented by this case. The evidence of some of the witnesses reads like a page of Thackeray or Balzac; and the whole story illustrates in a striking and vivid manner the peculiarities of human nature, its strange workings, springs of action, subtleties, humours, and stupidities. Perhaps nothing has been more remarkable in this way than the sources of sympathy for the Claimant. His evident pluck and the romantic character of his story appealed strongly to the popular taste; but his chief attraction to the mob which used to cheer him seems to have been a kind of confused notion that somehow or other he was fighting their battle, and vindicating the right of a butcher, or, at any rate, of a man with a butcher's manners, to a place among the aristocracy. They would probably not have insisted so strongly on his being Roger if they had not half believed him to be Orton. Then of course there were the people who, having formed a theory in his favour, made it a personal matter that it should be sustained at all hazards, and who resented an insult any doubts as to his identity. From this class of people the Claimant may surely expect a good haul of half-crowns, if not of five-pound notes. We hope that all the subscribers will state their reasons for subscribing, and we are glad to see that "Edward Jenkins," in a letter to the *Daily News*, has set the example. Mr. Jenkins explains that he places five pounds at the feet of the Claimant in order to express his contempt for the present composition of the House of Commons. To some people the connexion between the two things may seem rather remote. Members of Parliament are, it appears in Mr. Jenkins's opinion, "toddlies," and "developments of modern sycophancy," and "as soon as a man has been kicked out of Court by a histrionic Judge and weary jury," they applaud the Government for prosecuting him. "As a taxpayer," Mr. Jenkins objects to a prosecution for perjury, because he has some recollection of some other case of quite a different kind which he thinks the Government should have taken up, but which they left in the hands of a private person who had voluntarily undertaken it. If Mr. Jenkins feels bound to subscribe for the Claimant because he does not like the House of Commons, the Liberation Society ought to come down handsomely because it hates the Church. We should think that a great many equally good reasons might easily be discovered why everybody should send something to the Castro Fund; but it may perhaps strike an impartial mind as odd that so much sympathy should be shown for the Claimant and so little for the heir.

BRITISH MILITARY LAW.

AS our military system is now being recast, this would seem to be a fitting time for reforming that part of it which relates to what in the Estimates is termed martial law, but might more properly be styled military law. Indeed, a material alteration, not only in the military code itself, but in the manner of applying it, seems to be imperatively demanded. The student who wishes to make himself acquainted with this important part of his duty is compelled to wade through, not only the Mutiny Act, the Articles of War, the Regimental Debts Act, the Army Service Acts of 1847 and 1867, the Army Reserve Act, and the Army Reserve and Militia Reserve Acts, all of which are contained under one cover, but also the Enlistment Act of 1870, the Queen's Regulations, and a host of circulars and warrants. He is also referred to some standard work on military law; but though there are several books on the subject, they are all out of date and some of them out of print. Setting aside the variety of sources from which instruction and information are to be sought, and assuming that the student determined to master the subject sits down in his room surrounded by all the books and documents enumerated, we must further observe that his difficulties are not to be measured by the number of regulations to be learnt by heart. In addition to being absurdly verbose and unnecessarily encumbered with legal jargon, the regulations in question are frequently most obscure, and not seldom contradictory. As an instance of verbosity, we may mention that fully two pages of the Mutiny Act are taken up with a mere enumeration of the persons subject to military law; whereas the intention of the Legislature might easily be expressed in a twentieth part of that space. Again, in the Articles of War, fifty-eight words are used to state that the president of certain courts-martial must always, if possible, be not under the rank of captain. What is particularly discouraging to the student is that, owing to the constant changes in the Mutiny Act, the Articles of War, and the various warrants and regulations, the knowledge he may have acquired to-day may be almost useless to him three or four years later. Yet, in the face of all these difficulties, a young officer is expected within a few years after joining to have completely mastered

this abstruse subject. His case is as bad as that of the Israelites who were compelled to make bricks without straw. We have no hesitation in saying that our military law is in a state which may justly be termed disgraceful to the Judge Advocate-General's department. No collection of precedents is published, and new interpretations are continually being given; yet precedents and interpretations only fall in the way of young officers rarely, and by the merest chance. Scarcely a warrant comes out that does not require subsequent revision or explanation, and the consequence is that the army is thoroughly bewildered. Two years ago it was announced that a handbook of military law would be published by authority, but it has not yet made its appearance; and yet, if he is to escape official rebukes, an officer must now be almost as much a lawyer as a soldier. It is neither the army nor its military chiefs who are responsible for this state of things, for there is a costly Judge Advocate-General's department, with a lawyer at its head, who annually draws up the Mutiny Act and the Articles of War, and whose services are available for framing each new warrant and regulation. Why some attempt should not be made to codify military law, to avoid the vain repetitions of the Mutiny Act which are to be found in the Articles of War, and to compress into one handy volume all the few and simple enactments required, we cannot guess. Military men are not generally fitted for the task of solving legal enigmas; they have little room in their baggage for a large library, and the less time spent on military law the more leisure will they have for the study of military science. Every officer ought to be perfectly acquainted with the laws to which he and his comrades of every rank are subject, and he ought also to be able to administer those laws in due conformity with the practice of the service; but to load his memory with a mass of precepts almost impossible to digest, and to divert his attention from his primary to his secondary duties, is clearly a mistake which cannot be too soon rectified.

We have hitherto dwelt entirely upon the necessity of codifying, condensing, and simplifying our military law; but there is also much to be urged in favour of a reform in its application. Under the new system, all ranks of officers will be carefully selected and trained. The existing limitations therefore to their powers of summary jurisdiction, formerly perhaps justifiable, are no longer expedient. In civil matters the practice of entrusting magistrates with powers of summary jurisdiction is being daily developed. Why should not all except grave and complicated military cases be similarly dealt with? On a former occasion we pointed out that the time of officers is so much taken up by desk-work that they are physically unable to perform their more active duties efficiently. A great deal of that desk-work is connected with courts-martial. Were summary punishments more frequent a great relief would therefore be experienced. Again, almost all cases summarily dealt with are now decided by the already overworked commanding officer. A remedy might easily be applied by adopting the principle of the Prussian system. In Prussia the regimental commander can award fourteen days' severe, twenty-one days' medium, or twenty-eight days' mild arrest. A battalion commander is empowered to inflict seven days' severe, ten days' medium, and fourteen days' mild arrest; while even a captain can give three days' severe, five days' medium, and eight days' mild arrest. The word arrest, as here used, does not possess the signification attached to it in our service, for in Prussia it means imprisonment of various degrees of severity; mild arrest being, however, simple deprivation of liberty, in solitary confinement, with permission to smoke. In the British army the extent of imprisonment which the commander of a battalion can award is seven days, while officers commanding companies can at the most, and only at the discretion of the commanding officer, sentence a man to three days' drill. In fact, as regards the enforcement of discipline by direct punishment, all officers save the colonel are mere ciphers. Looking to the Prussian practice and to the powers entrusted in our own country to magistrates, and considering the simple nature of military offences, it would seem advisable greatly to increase the disciplinary powers of British officers. Were the commanding officer allowed to give fourteen days' imprisonment, and a captain fourteen days' drill, the necessity for the frequent calling of courts-martial, and the office work of the commanding officer, would be much diminished. The desirableness of holding courts-martial for the trial of serious offences does not arise so much from any consideration connected with punishment as from the presumed greater likelihood that a correct verdict will be arrived at. But, as we have just remarked, military offences are generally very simple in their nature, and, we may add, there is generally very little room for doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. If, therefore, a simple military code were compiled, there could be no reasonable objection to materially increasing the powers of the carefully selected and trained officers who will henceforth hold commissions in the British army. An improvement might also be effected by restricting the classes of courts-martial to two. The commanding officer might be substituted for a regimental court-martial, and only district and general courts-martial retained. It is also worth considering whether the verdicts and sentences of courts-martial would not carry more moral weight with the men if we adopted the practice which prevails in Prussia and Austria, of associating non-commissioned officers and privates—in France, non-commissioned officers—with officers, for the trial of prisoners who do not hold commissions. In France, a sub-officer sits

on the court-martial of any one under the rank of field officer. In Prussia, for the trial of any one under the rank of sergeant, two corporals, two acting corporals, and two privates are appointed members of the court. If the prisoner is a sergeant, the acting corporals and privates do not sit. If he is a sergeant-major, the corporals also are excluded. In Austria the members of a minor court are composed of one representative of every rank from that of the prisoner up to that of the captain, who presides. Such a system cannot fail to increase the self-respect of non-commissioned officers and men, to render the investigation in difficult cases more searching, and to strengthen the effect of the award, by inducing a conviction in the ranks that the prisoner has been fairly tried and suitably punished. The change which we have suggested would certainly be an innovation on military customs, but it would be in accordance with the great principle of English law that a man should be tried by his peers.

We have yet another reform to mention, and here again we borrow a hint from the practice of Continental armies. At present there is theoretically no punishment for a non-commissioned officer short of reduction by sentence of a court-martial, or for an officer short of dismissal, loss of seniority, or reprimand. It is true that a non-commissioned officer can be summarily reduced by the Commander-in-Chief or the titular colonel of his regiment, but the power is scarcely ever exercised. A non-commissioned officer is also occasionally awarded extra orderly duty. This, however, is done in direct disobedience to the Queen's Regulations, which state that "Non-commissioned officers are not to be subjected to minor punishments." Officers also are often placed under arrest as a punishment, but theoretically such arrest is merely a preliminary to investigation with a view to trial, and is not a disciplinary punishment. In Prussia non-commissioned officers can be sentenced to three weeks' medium arrest, *i.e.* prison, or to four weeks of barrack quarter or mild arrest, by order of the commander of the regiment, and for a less time, as specified in the case of privates, by order of the battalion or company commanders. The plan is a wise one, for many a non-commissioned officer is guilty of military irregularities which require to be sternly checked, but do not deserve professional ruin. With us hundreds of men who have the making of good non-commissioned officers in them, but are led away by the exuberant spirits of youth or some sudden temptation, go on from bad to worse, because the commanding officer has no effectual disciplinary punishment to resort to, and is unwilling to have recourse to a court-martial. Often also has a good non-commissioned officer been tried and reduced by court-martial, and immediately reinstated. We may be sure that such an expedient is not conducive to discipline. Again, with regard to officers. In Prussia the commander of a battalion may punish an officer by placing him under arrest, but is unable himself to fix its duration; a regimental commander can award six days' room arrest; a general can increase the duration, and a court-martial can give as much as six weeks. An officer's disciplinary arrest is of two descriptions—simple or "sharpened." Under the former he remains in his own quarters on parole, it being understood that a violation of it will involve the loss of his commission. Under "sharpened" arrest an officer undergoes his punishment in a separate place of confinement. He is allowed books, but is not permitted to provide himself with comfortable furniture. In both cases he is forbidden to receive visitors. In France also the disciplinary punishment of officers is practised. It may be worth considering whether it might not be usefully introduced into our own service, for at present arrest is impliedly forbidden to be ordered as a punishment, and in consequence it is really scarcely any punishment at all. We have in fact no disciplinary punishment for officers which can be inflicted without having recourse to a court-martial. Now a court-martial means ruin, or at least serious professional injury, and lasting discredit. Commanding officers naturally shrink from the scandal created by the assembling of such a tribunal, and therefore an officer who is guilty of constant irregularities is quietly pushed out of the regiment, whereas a little timely real punishment might perhaps have brought him to his senses, without inflicting a permanent injury on him. In short, our practice is to get rid of troublesome officers, instead of trying to cure them, and either mischievous lenity or unnecessary severity is the result.

CLERICAL SQUATTERS.

ALTHOUGH man is not exactly a creature of circumstances in the sense in which the phrase is apt to be employed, it is certain that circumstances have often a good deal to do with making him what he is; and there is usually a close correspondence between his character and habits and the general conditions of his life. This is especially true in the case of a community or corporation. When a body of men are found to be remarkable for the possession of certain qualities, it is not unreasonable to infer that the conditions under which they have been brought together, and under which they discharge their duties, have had some effect in producing this result; and it naturally becomes a question how far you can touch these conditions without affecting, for good or evil, the qualities which have hitherto been identified with them. It would be well if the Church reformers who are so uncomfortably busy just now would try to master this somewhat elementary proposition. By Church reformers we mean of course those who in intention are honestly desirous of improving and strengthening,

not of destroying, the Church of England. Perhaps their course would be simplified if they would begin by defining for their own enlightenment, as well as ours, what is implied when they speak of the Church. Do they mean the Church as we have hitherto known it, the Church as it is; or is it an ideal institution, something they have dreamt about, and which has yet to be built up brick by brick out of their moral consciousness? Of course, if what they mean is an entirely new Church, they must be content to be classed for the moment with Mr. Miall and the Liberationists; each of the two parties is anxious for the destruction of the existing Church, only one party hopes to be able—with what degree of reason in its hope we need not say—to build up another Church out of the ruins. On the other hand, if what is meant is the Church of England which has hitherto gone by that name, the reformers had better consider, before it is too late, how much of it would be left standing if they could succeed in carrying out their plans. It is a very good thing to have a house nicely ventilated, and with a sufficient number of entrances; but there is a limit to the number of doors and windows which can be pierced in a house without making it all apertures and no walls. The tornado which we are assured on high official authority is always whirling through the Admiralty would be nothing to the terrific hurricanes which would probably blow preachers and people alike out of the Church, if the clever ventilation projects of some of our zealous reformers were applied to that unhappy institution. There is a legend that John o' Groat, being much troubled by feuds and questions of precedence among his friends, built a house in such a fashion that each of them had his own door leading straight to his own chair at a round table. This is apparently the design which some of the so-called friends of the Church have brought back from their visits to the North, and according to which they would reconstruct the Church of which they profess to be faithful and loyal supporters. If a Church means merely a kind of common hall where any sect that will pay for the gas can hold forth at its pleasure, something might perhaps be said for this ingenious project. We sometimes hear people talk of the British Constitution as if it were something kept in a box which could be turned out and referred to when necessary, like the standards of measurement which are built up in the walls of the Houses of Parliament. And in the same way the Church of England is spoken of as if it were a mere heap of lath and plaster, or at the most a bundle of papers; the people who compose the Church in its only real and vital sense being entirely left out of sight. The question is whether either clergy or laity will remain in the Church when it has been transmuted into something altogether different from what it has been until now, and converted from a temple into a discussion forum.

Mr. Salt's Bill for providing "facilities for the performance of Divine Worship, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England," is a very good example of the well-meaning, but thoughtless and short-sighted, plans for reforming the Church which have lately been turned out in such wanton abundance. At first sight nothing could be more plausible and prepossessing than this innocent-looking measure, and we can hardly be surprised at the favour with which it has been received on a mere cursory inspection. "Whereas it is expedient to create further facilities for the performance of Divine Worship, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England." Surely all friends of the Church will agree to that. The Church Building Acts, it is true, offer considerable facilities for this pious work, on the reasonable condition that new churches shall not be built without an adequate endowment for the incumbents. Still, if it can be shown that this is not enough, by all means let us have more facilities. Then the Bill goes on to provide that the bishop of the diocese should have power to license a clergyman of the Church of England to perform Divine Service "in any schoolroom or other suitable building or chapel, whether consecrated or unconsecrated," within any parish or district containing more than two thousand inhabitants, within any hamlet containing more than twenty inhabitants, and lying more than two miles from a parish church, or in a free chapel attached to a private residence where there are more than twenty inmates. Of course it is desirable that the Gospel should be preached in a decent church, but if for any reason a church cannot be obtained, no one who had the spread of the Gospel at heart would object to its being preached in a schoolroom, back parlour, or even a railway arch, rather than not at all. It may be doubted whether, in point of fact, any practical difficulties have been encountered by benevolent persons who wished to build new churches or to hold missionary services for the benefit of the poor in a neglected part of the country. But if it can be proved that there are any difficulties, there will be, we imagine, a disposition to remove them. We are afraid, however, that the House of Commons has been rash or careless enough to read this Bill a second time on the strength of these plausible propositions, without having seriously considered how far the difficulties which are alleged to exist really do exist, or what, if they do exist, would be the consequence of removing them in the manner proposed.

When we go on to examine the Bill in detail its mischievous character is at once apparent. We then discover that the effect, if not the object, of the Bill would be to overturn the parochial system on which the Church is established, and to throw open the services and representative authority of the Church to any squatters who could coax or bully the bishop into granting them a licence. At present the rector or vicar is held to be responsible for his parish, as the bishop is for the diocese at large, and he has a voice

in declaring who shall be allowed to conduct the services of the Church within the parochial limits. It may be admitted that there are incumbents who are not very wise; that it is possible an incumbent may be selfish or perverse; that he may prefer what he considers his own dignity or interest to the welfare of the parish. We are not surprised to hear that in the course of years a case has been known where an incumbent set himself against the introduction of another clergyman into the parish when it would have been well that he should have been introduced. We are quite prepared to hear that clergymen are liable to make mistakes in this as in other things. But it cannot be said that a refusal of this kind is a common occurrence. Episcopal authority, the influence of neighbouring clergymen, the force of public opinion, are usually irresistible. If there is really a case of spiritual destitution, it is very difficult, so difficult as to be almost impossible, for an incumbent to withhold his assent from any reasonable plan for additional services. Yet this rare and exceptional occurrence is the only excuse for a Bill which proposes to revolutionize the fundamental organization of the Church. It should never be forgotten that the value of a law depends not merely on the particular regulations which it is intended to enforce, but on the attitude of mind on the part of the public which it encourages or confirms with regard to the subject in question. The marriage law, for example, is framed on the principle that when two people are married it is desirable that they should regard themselves as bound irrevocably to each other, so that nothing but certain specified acts of criminality on the part of one of them shall entitle the other to a release. Everybody knows what marriage has come to mean in Indiana, where a divorce can be obtained for any trifling incompatibility of taste or temper, real or pretended. When people know that a thing must be, they are usually disposed to make the best of it. At present the parish and the parson are pretty much as man and wife—we are speaking, of course, of country parishes, for in towns the question can hardly be said to arise—they have taken each other for better or worse, and have a common interest in making it better instead of worse. The bent of mind on both sides is naturally towards a compromise; there may be a little tugging now and then, especially at first, just to see which is stronger or more pliable; but as a rule their differences are seldom carried very far. If the parson carries one point, he gives up another to the people, while on a third question they agree to meet each other half-way. If Mr. Salt's Bill were passed, we are afraid it would have a very unfortunate effect on this state of things. It would be a public incitement to dissension and schism. The people would have it constantly in their minds that, if they did not like the clergyman; if he was not as chatty and agreeable as they thought he should be when they met him; if his sermons were too long or too short, too High or too Low; if his hair were not of the right colour, or if he married the wrong young lady, they could get another of their own choice, and set him up next door, or over the way, in legal opposition to him. The parish would be broken up into little knots and sects, each anxious to start a church of its own. The squire, if he did not hit it off with the parson, could establish a church in his own house. The local Bulstrodes, anxious to be bankers and bishops at once, would have a fine field for their malicious activity; and squatters would be constantly on the outlook for a chance of effecting a settlement. On the other hand, the incumbent, irritated by the threat of a secession constantly held over him, would be apt to become obstinate and jealously sensitive on the point of honour. It is provided by the Bill that a clergyman officiating under a bishop's licence is not to be liable to ecclesiastical penalties; and if the bishop and an incumbent were not of the same school of theology, there would be a strong temptation to the former to license a preacher of his own views. In any case, if it became a custom to grant licences the bishop would feel a difficulty in refusing an application, and even an incumbent might have some delicacy in pressing him to do so. The result of the Bill would be to destroy the position of authority and social dignity which an incumbent at present occupies, to provoke disorders and dissensions, to split congregations into isolated and hostile groups, and to weaken and disorganize the Church by scattering its forces, turning them against each other, and wasting their strength in scandalous civil war. If the Church is to be broken up in this manner, it does not seem to be of much consequence that the different sections should continue to call themselves the Church of England, instead of openly becoming Dissenters.

THE LATE FREAK OF THE SEASONS.

PRACTICAL jokes are always in questionable taste, and often very serious in their consequences, but they are never so objectionable or so dangerous as when the elements take to playing them. The recent change in the weather reminds us of the action of one of those appalling cyclones which sweep the Southern oceans. The Southern cyclone is as much of an institution as a Northern winter, and is not much more eccentric in the times of its visitation than our English winter has become of late years. You have unmistakable warnings of its approach; signs in the sky, sensations in the atmosphere, and a most portentous drop in the barometer. When it bursts in its violence, you are as well prepared for it as may be, and accept it more or less resignedly as an inevitable dispensation of destiny. By and by the cyclone appears to have blown itself out; the sky clears, the wind falls, the ocean seems to be settling down again. You draw a breath of profound grati-

tude, and if you are a novice in the navigation of those seas, you shake out your canvas to dry, counting on the proverbial calm that comes after the storm. But the lull is almost invariably treacherous. Before you know where you are, the hurricane is back upon you, swiftly retracing the line of its travel, and the chances are that it leaves you crippled and shattered, if you are fortunate enough to escape utter perdition. That is the story of our present winter. Many of its recent predecessors have been capricious enough, but this particular season has really gone very much too far. It started before Christmas as if it meant to be one of the hearty, bracing, old-fashioned seasons which so many people regret, or pretend to regret. It did not come with an early rush, presaging to the weather-wise a premature expenditure of power. It gradually roughened its manners, and sharpened its bite, till at length it fairly laid fast hold of the earth and the water. We had some bright frost and some pleasant days' skating. Frost gradually melted into thaw, lingering on as if loth to go, and leaving us with every possible assurance of a speedy return. How we have all been beguiled, things animate and inanimate alike, we know too well. Weeks went on, and winter did not give us the faintest hint of being anywhere much nearer than the Poles. People at first could hardly believe their senses, but gradually yielded to conviction in spite of themselves. If those who could afford fires still clung to them for the sake of association and from force of habit, they were obliged to regulate the temperature by open windows, while householders with straitened incomes for once could really reform their coal merchant's bill. You iced your champagne for dinner-parties, you left your wraps at home when you travelled abroad, you retrenched on your subscriptions to soup kitchens and relief societies. Gradually the most sceptical had yielded to the logic of facts; and, living in a muggy atmosphere ventilated by balmy breezes, we all became fairly persuaded that spring had come to England for the season. Horses turned loose in paddocks, where the grass was already turning green, began to cast their winter coats. Lapdogs and Angora cats followed suit, and laps and sofas were covered with showers of white hair, as much out of season as hail in August. Spring vegetation took its start, and committed itself to regular growing. First the walls, then the orchards, were wrapped in bloom; there was a luscious promise of early asparagus and peas, and a moral certainty of precocious chickens and ducklings.

Having thus, with elaborate treachery, prepared everything for the grand effect, the confederate seasons played off their malignant joke. A single night effected the exchange; and we woke one morning to find that spring had fled, and winter was back with us. If we needed collateral evidence of premeditation, we should discern it in the particular week selected. We were just on the eve of the first spring meetings, to say nothing of the University race. Now to outsiders who have not provided themselves with excitement in the shape of heavy speculative investments, one of these early meetings is generally preluded by considerable searchings of spirit. The most enthusiastic amateurs of sport for sport's sake shiver at the idea of the delays and of the torpid races that precede the great events. The *venue*, as a rule, is some bitterly bleak down, while the stand that dominates the course is a perfect palace of *Æolus*. Even an ordinary March gale inflicts an immensity of by no means silent suffering, while a grim grey sky is sure to reflect itself pretty faithfully in the looks and spirits of the assembly. All the world cannot possibly win, and the losers part freely with their tempers as well as their money, and get sullen or savage according to their nature. Conceive the amount of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness which the late outbreak of winter must have generated at Lincoln and Liverpool. The bearing of the jockeys on such occasions has always seemed to us to show the acme of nerve, the climax of impassible heroism. The cold has pierced to your own blood and marrow through your heavy overcoat and an infinity of under-garments. Your feet will chill, although you seek by perpetual stampings to keep your circulation on the move; and as for your fingers, you can scarcely feel them at all, although you have to use them continually in pulling out your pocket-handkerchief. And then you see those small slips of men, with no flesh to speak of between their bones and the blast, stripping off their warm wraps and seating themselves in silk and gossamer in a cold weighing-machine. Some of them at least must be scrupulously parsimonious in the article of flannel, for it was hard work at best training down to the weight, and every ounce is of consequence. The eyes of England are on them; they are the objects of the devouring interest which selfishness and avarice inspire in the most covetous class of living men. Each detail of their riding will be criticized, and should flesh, spirit, or nerve yield or falter, they will be abused everywhere as having sold the race, if they are not lynched beyond the winning-post. The men who can face that sort of thing even with an ordinary March wind after a lowering diet, who can not only face it, but mount pleasantly and ride creditably, deserve immortal credit. But last week at the Grand National their conduct rose to positive heroism, for that joke of Winter's came very hard on them. It is true that he did slightly relent at the last moment, and held his hand when it threatened to stifle them in snowdrift. But he sent everything short of a pelting snowstorm, and searched with an extraordinary bitterness of wind constitutions relaxed by training through weeks of exceptional mildness. We see them getting up in their cold, tight breeches and clinging flimsy silks into saddles that feel painfully raw. The horses, full of fire and running, are showing temper as the keen wind nips them through their silken coats, and now and again a hail pellet hits

them in an unusually tender place. And there are the riders with blue hands and numb fingers dragging their best at the chill bridle, fretting mouths and fiery tempers that scarcely stand the snaffle, till the bounding, boring brutes nearly drag the riders from their saddles. We decline to follow them round the course in these dismal circumstances, when the bravest man's heart mounts towards his mouth as he finds himself hurried along, a half-passive victim, where safety and honour demand alike the calmest resolution, the promptest decision, and the most delicate steering. We have not a doubt that the bulk of the shocking list of Liverpool casualties may be attributed to winter's ill-timed jocularity. Fortunate it was he did not push his fooling a little further, and make equally wild work with the men.

The snow which they escaped at Liverpool came down on the sad Saturday of the boat-race. It was at Mortlake, indeed, that the melancholy joke culminated. Of course we do not mean to touch on the details which have been so thoroughly canvassed and exhausted. The passing disappointments, the temporary sufferings, were all doubtless severe enough. But we desire to call attention to subsequent and more serious results—to marred marriages, and to deaths. A grand day like the boat-race, with its excitement, its distractions, and its thousand opportunities, may be trusted to hurry many a hesitating lover on to his happiness. It is one of those golden occasions when a man comes involuntarily forward to the very brink over which a glance may woo him, or an accident precipitate him. On Saturday last winter blotted that great pairing day from the hymeneal calendar. If eligibles turned out at all, they were in the least yielding of moods; if they sought the river in the society of the ladies, seldom can they have felt less inclined to charge themselves through life with one of these clinging encumbrances. In the voluptuously warm atmosphere of a drawing-room, amid the illusions of mirrors and the flushes of rose-coloured curtains, you may think that life offers no brighter prospect than to accept the care and discharge the bills of the being who smiles on you in a mirage of lace, and flowers, and flounces. It is a different thing indeed when you see nature maliciously stripping away the hypocritical disguises or appliances of art; when you vividly realize the material aspects of a future that must have its rainy days; when the evanescence of beauty is borne in on you, as you see your intended wife as she probably would be when the mother of marriageable daughters; above all, when the latent temper comes out in the soft eye, as the blue does in the damask of the cheek, and the ruby in the tip of the Grecian nose. Many blighted hearts may be sadly sighing, we suspect, over the catastrophe that changed the young spring of their budding loves to a lasting winter of discontent. Many an astutely affectionate mother may have learned how much chance has to say to the most skillful strategy, and how easily accident may unmask an ambush. Many a marrying man, tricked by appearances and victimized by his own effervescent passions, may have missed his happiness in his over-prudence. The marred marriages must be matter of speculation, but a serious swelling of the bills of mortality will infallibly be demonstrated by coming statistics. Not that we so greatly pity those who may die of the boat-race. They went to Putney with fair warning, and with eyes opened as widely as the blinding drift would permit. They should have known that, with the heavy cold which returning winter had brought them as a present, it was the grossest imprudence to go tramping through the slush of the towing-path. They must have felt that, with that decided tendency to consumption in the family, it was tempting Providence to stand in muslin upon Barnes Bridge. Those whom we do pity are people who never dreamed of risking health on the river; venerable persons reasonably congratulating themselves on having passed in safety the rigour of another winter; invalids who had intended to take shelter on the Cornice from February frosts and March winds. Naturally these last lingered on, seduced by the persistent geniality of the extraordinary season; glad to escape the risks of foreign travel, and the discomforts of foreign rooms. Unquestionably reasonable prudence justified them in deciding as they did. Yet here of a sudden was winter back upon them, ordering them away on a longer journey; for what may be a joke to him is literally death to them. From a subject so solemn we can scarcely pass to poultry, or venture to lament the decease of those promising spring chickens we spoke of. We can only pay the tribute of a silent tear to lambs frozen and smothered in the snow drifts in sufficient numbers to justify the butchers in charging what they please. But we may speak of what we fear will prove a deplorable blight of the fruit blossoms, for it may make the difference of a good year or a bad one to many a family in the gardens of England. This freak of the weather is already matter of history, but we fear that its consequences will be general and lasting.

SHAM DEGREES.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote the line,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
he could not have referred to the degrees granted by the University of Philadelphia, because the city of drab coats and brotherly love did not in his time exist. It may be, however, that when he says,

Take but degree away, unlouse that string,
And hark! what discord follows,

he prophetically intimated that, unless a schoolmaster is able to

write at least "Ph. D." after his name, his scholars and their parents will disbelieve in his qualifications, and his school will prove incapable of vigorous life. It is, indeed, lamentable to think how much the education of both sexes in England is still predominated by humbug. The bankrupt trader, who at least has gained some familiarity with arithmetic in preparing his own accounts for the Court, usually sets up what is called a Commercial school. In the last century, when flagellation entered so largely into the discipline of all schools, it was perhaps reasonable that any man possessing a strong arm should consider himself qualified for a schoolmaster. A memoir of Mr. Adolphus, a well-known barrister, has lately been published from which it appears that he was sent by his uncle to a school where almost the only furniture was a cane, and almost the only knowledge of the master was how to use it. The uncle was wealthy, and meant to provide properly for the education of his nephew, but, like many other parents and guardians before the University of Philadelphia came to their assistance, he was unable to distinguish between a bad schoolmaster and a good one. It is melancholy to reflect how much the education of English boys has been allowed to fall into the hands of quacks whose shallowness would in any other calling be ignominiously exposed. A headmaster, or principal, as he prefers to call himself, who possesses impudence and plausibility, obtains an assistant whose merit is hampered by his modesty, and a mutually advantageous, but not altogether creditable, partnership is formed. We have heard of an instance in which the head-master of a school published a book of exercises in classical composition with examples, of which he could not have written a single line to save his life. The inference was probable that the work was done by an accomplished classic who occupied the place of second master in the school. He in fact furnished the gold, and his chief put his stamp upon it and gave it currency. Perhaps if he had applied for the head-mastership himself, he would not have obtained it; or, if he had, he would not by real scholarship have attracted half as many pupils as his chief did by the pretence of it. There are, it is true, many parents who chiefly desire for their children good air, good living, and kind, or perhaps indulgent, treatment; and who are prepared to give their confidence to any man who will provide these things at sufficiently high terms. It is desirable that this sort of schoolmaster should be a clergyman, and a suave and slightly solemn manner is essential. The moderate amount of scholarship which is required in such an establishment may be supplied by an assistant, who is probably a young graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, high in the honour list, and rather deep in tradesmen's books. As regards girls' schools, it is nearly impossible to discriminate between real and sham education, and perhaps it is on this account that many parents do not send their daughters to school at all. A girl undeniably learns something at a fashionable "finishing" school which she would not learn at home; but perhaps ignorance, while it lasts, is preferable to knowledge. There used to be, and perhaps there still are, schools which enjoyed a reputation for the social successes of their pupils. Just as a schoolmaster delights to reckon the first-classes and wranglerships to which he has shown the way, so a schoolmistress would mention with pride that a young lady whom she had "finished" had become the wife of a peer or a wealthy commoner. But, unless these schools were judged by results, it was difficult to find any means of judging them at all. The so-called accomplishments were taught by persons who delighted to describe themselves by that much-abused term professor. Prodigious exercises in water-colour drawing were produced, and a superficial knowledge of music was acquired under these professors. If there was a French governess in the house, the pupils could not help learning something useful from her. Probably the only thing which was thoroughly learned at such schools was dancing; but if a girl's friends were "serious," they would not send her to a school where that accomplishment was taught; and as "musical calisthenics" had not then been invented, she grew up awkward or graceful as nature willed. The principal of the establishment had credit, and perhaps rightly, for imperceptibly instructing her pupils in general fascination. To borrow a line of Dryden, they had "learned the beauteous arts of modern pride" under her tuition, and if we averted our eyes from the drawings, and closed our ears against the music, we might possibly think that the result was worth the money. Whether it was worth the time occupied in producing it depends upon what we might wish a girl's future life to be, and how far such a system of education helped to realize it.

We have been introduced in the pages of a recent novel to a young lady whose charms of manner and appearance would highly recommend the school of which she is stated to have been the favourite pupil. But, however many such young ladies this school turned out, the schoolmistress would continue to bear an undistinguished name, unless the University of Philadelphia could be persuaded to extend to women the advantages which it offers on such convenient terms to men. We learn from a recent pamphlet on Degrees that fancy already rules to a great extent in hoods, and when ladies assume this article of academic dress, it will doubtless be found susceptible of great variety of brilliant colouring. Even while it is confined to men, the taste of their admirers of the other sex will have much influence upon the colour and shape of the garment. Some readers may remember a popular minister of a West-end chapel who was admired almost equally for his fine voice and his beautiful hood of violet silk. Ill-natured critics of academic arrangements have observed that the most lovely hoods were formerly appropriated to the degrees which were

easiest to obtain, as if the University recognized the fact that a particular man's success in clerical work would depend on his outside, and desired to help him to attract ladies' eyes and win their hearts. The violet hood is not only beautiful but rare. The above-mentioned pamphlet informs us that "the pretty scarlet and black of an Oxford M.A. has set the fashion, and all the hoods supposed to belong to Göttingen, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, approximate in every respect to the Oxford hood." An agent who disposes of degrees also gets the hood made, and has but one pattern for it, without regard to the University conferring the degree. A remarkable unanimity of taste seems to prevail in America and Germany in regard to hoods. The white hood which some M.A.'s of Cambridge wear is lost in the surplice, and the black hood of others forms a gloomy contrast to it, and therefore Cambridge men may rejoice that it is not worth while to imitate their sober vestments. But we are told that a well-known London house has supplied fifty "very rich red and black hoods" to customers within a short time. It has been truly said that in our time there is no good thing without a bad imitation, and the currency of the counterfeit proves the estimation in which the genuine coin of Oxford is still held by an age which has been advised by high authority to prefer the *Times* newspaper to Thucydides. It appears from the pamphleteer's researches that there is a sort of sham University at Philadelphia which ignorant Europeans have confounded with the real University of Pennsylvania. The University of Brooklyn is returned as absolutely *non est*; and we regret to find that the University of Göttingen, consecrated in song, has fallen so low as to grant degrees *in absentia*, accompanied by hoods, according to the wearer's fancy. He pays his money and he takes his choice, and usually it falls upon a neat thing in red and black, which looks well upon a surplice, and helps him to that social consideration which usually attends a graduate of Oxford. In fact, he is a sham gentleman, and is infinitely more objectionable than an unvarnished snob. Henceforward, instead of using "Brummagem" as synonymous with "counterfeit," we shall acknowledge the superiority of America in the art of humbug by substituting the term "Philadelphian." It is certainly remarkable that the metropolis of Transatlantic Quakerdom should have become a manufactory of clerical frippery for Europe. If it be true that cleanliness is next to godliness, we should conceive that honesty is, or ought to be, somewhere near it; and therefore it seems reasonable that churches should not be made the scene of an imposture which would not be tolerated anywhere else. Remembering recent proceedings in the Oxford Theatre, we should be curious to see what sort of reception would be given to a Philadelphian graduate who appeared there in his red and black hood. The medical profession had become so infested with sham degrees that a remedy was imperatively called for, and the Medical Registration Act applied it. Perhaps it would not be going too far to prohibit clergymen from designating themselves officially as "Ph.D." or "M.A." when they have simply bought the title without either residence or examination at or by the University which confers it. The only thing in civil life which resembles these clerical impostures is the scarlet uniform like that of a lieutenant-colonel, which can be worn, we believe, by any deputy-lieutenant of a county, who may happen also to be a wealthy London tradesman. King Louis Philippe is reported to have inquired what was the corps to which all these deputy-lieutenants belonged, and to have been answered, "the horse marines." We are not great admirers of Lord Shaftesbury or his projects of ecclesiastical legislation, but if he would introduce into his Bill for Church Discipline a clause providing that any layman or laywoman might prosecute a clergyman for using an unlawful hood, we should be disposed to give him our support. There might be a decent hood devised by a joint committee of bishops and ladies for literates and graduates of foreign Universities, and this, in addition to the hoods of Universities of the United Kingdom, might suffice in the way of variety of ornamentation of the surplice.

FRESCO PAINTING IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

IT seems possible that Mr. Ayrton's feud with Mr. Layard may result in the revival of fresco painting. No man, not even the First Commissioner of Public Works, can afford to quarrel all round with everybody; accordingly, the favour of the House and of the public was propitiated by the appointment of a Committee, consisting of the artists employed in the decoration of the Palace of Westminster, to report once more on the problems and perplexities attendant on the practice of fresco painting. The device was ingenious and well timed. Mr. Ayrton had determined, and we think wisely, to revoke the wholesale commission given by his predecessor for mosaics. Certainly the specimen picture still allowed to remain on the walls of the Central Hall is sufficiently confused and disagreeable to serve as a warning. The First Commissioner, having resolved to throw overboard Mr. Edward Barry, together with Messrs. Salviati, shrewdly called to his aid the fresco painters who had received discouragement and discomfiture under the rule of Mr. Layard. From these men, at all events, he was in little danger of a hostile verdict. The jury impaneled were in fact parties to the suit. Messrs. Cope, Watts, Ward, Armitage, and Herbert, who have executed, at the cost to the nation of many thousand pounds, pictures which are now more or less in ruin, are in plain words asked to say whether or not they consider themselves incompetent. The Report now issued is

altogether so mild and impartial as to leave this question of competency in doubt. "The Committee of Artists" were, however, strong enough even at their first meeting to resolve "that the use of fresco painting, notwithstanding the want of success which has generally accompanied it of late years, ought not to be abandoned." This return to calm and rational counsels is cause for congratulation. The abuse which for eight or ten years has been levelled against fresco naturally provokes reaction.

The Report now before us, though just in its main conclusion, is meagre, hesitating, and confused. A certain Mr. Wright, who occupies six out of a total of nine pages, does not seem quite the man to add materially to the chemical data already furnished by Professor Faraday, Dr. Reid, Mr. Dyce, R.A., Dr. Hofmann, and Professor Pettenkofer. Neither is Mr. Ayrton, who presided at the opening meeting, precisely the successor we might choose to represent the late Prince Consort. We miss, too, in the framing of the Report, the accomplished hand of Sir Charles Eastlake. The document, we fancy, will be most admired for what it leaves out; silence is adroitly preserved on points upon which possibly not even two members could agree. No mention is made of mosaics, nor of water-glass, nor of "spirit fresco," nor of Mr. Maclise, nor of Director Kaulbach, nor of the destructive products of gas, nor of the practice of painting on portable slate slabs, nor of the expedient of placing plate glass before the disorganized frescoes of Mr. Ward, nor of the "melancholy fact" which we have only on the authority of Lord Elcho, "that Mr. Dyce's and Mr. Herbert's plasterers had each died mad—one raving, and the other melancholy, mad"; nor of that "most interesting conversation with Mr. Herbert," when "that gentleman told Lord Elcho that he too had nearly been driven mad by the trouble and annoyance which the old system of fresco caused him." These strange statements, which ought to be either substantiated or disavowed, will be found in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* of February 12, 1864. The Report now given to the world wisely ignores what it might be inconvenient to remember. Yet we are glad to find that seven Academicians and Associates express their regret that "fresco painting was abandoned just at the time when considerable experience had been gained, and the greatest difficulties surmounted." The Committee further state, in extenuation of admitted failures,

That considering the absolute want of experience among English artists of the methods of using fresco, when the works in the Westminster Palace were first executed, it is not to be wondered at that there should have been many partial and some complete failures.

Some six or eight works out of a total of about forty prove that our English artists are fairly competent to engage in the arduous task of mural decoration. Dyce's frescoes generally, Maclise's "Spirit of Chivalry" and "Waterloo," Armitage's "Rivers of England personified," Teniel's "St. Cecilia," Herbert's "Lear" and "Moses," compare not unfavourably with the noble mural paintings executed within the last fifty years on the Continent of Europe. Our artists, however, want the knowledge and training of Cornelius, Hess, Kaulbach, Piloty, Delaroche, and Flandrin. Or, in other words, English painters have not quite risen to the greatness of the occasion or the import of the argument; instead of the noble style befitting historic themes, the manner tends to commonplace naturalism, to costume painting, and mere picturesque incident. In short, these mural decorations lack the symmetry, simplicity, and geometric proportion imposed on pictorial art when she makes herself a helpmate of her elder and sterner sister, architecture. Our English artists are more accustomed to paint up to a bright gilt frame than to a sombre architectural moulding. Still, among the pictures already mentioned, "Chivalry," by Mr. Maclise; "Rivers of England," by Mr. Armitage; "Lear," by Mr. Herbert, and "Religion," by Mr. Dyce, conform sufficiently closely to the conditions of monumental decoration. Moreover our English school has of late years been tending to classicism, mediævalism, and other historic phases which comport well with mural decoration. Mr. Watts has always under hand compositions which embody noble thought in noble form. Mr. Leighton strives after the pure type and symmetric line of Greek art. Mr. Poynter, Mr. Albert Moore, and others are imbued with the spirit of the great old masters. Thus fresco and other cognate arts need not perish or fall into disuse for lack of men trained to the ambitious calling. Never was there a time when commissions given by the State could be more worthily carried out.

The cause of fresco painting has in this country suffered chiefly from its want of permanence, from its excessive cost, also from the supposed difficulty of manipulation; in other words, the process has fallen under condemnation in consequence of the inability and attendant failure of its practitioners. We need not speak at length on the want of permanence, especially as little that is new comes to light under the recent inquiry. We may just mention, however, that the Report fails to lay sufficient stress on the destructive agency of the products of combustion of coal and gas, and on the deteriorating influence of a city atmosphere generally. As a rule, whatever destroys a rose or other flower will destroy a mural painting; plants perish when gas is burnt in a greenhouse; in like manner frescoes decay in the Houses of Parliament. But we have found in a state almost intact the frescoes painted by Mr. Watts in Carlton House Terrace, and no better reason for their immunity could be assigned than that gas was never used in the room. Indeed, experience teaches us that bad climate is less cruel to mural paintings than impure air. Thus we have seen frescoes braving the severity of winters on the northern shores of the Baltic;

and again at Ammergau and other stations in the Tyrol we have examined and found in a fresh sound state pictures painted about a century ago on the external walls of the houses. Keen mountain air, though laden with snow and sharp with frost, does not necessarily kill frescoes, though in the decoration of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg frescoes were deemed too frail for the inclemency of the climate. But throughout the Tyrol, in sight of snow-capped mountains, houses are lavishly adorned with external pictures; the fact being that Italian painters crossed the Alps and brought with them the art which has been practised without cessation from the time of Giotto, in the thirteenth century, down to the humble artists who in the present day decorate wayside chapels. And this wayside art, this art of the common people—this art which, clambering up Alpine valleys, braves wind and weather, and subsists on pay and pittance which barely serves to keep body and soul together—may serve as a lesson to proud and rich painters. The artists of Italy and the Tyrol, little above the class of peasants or mechanics, have faith in their art as in a second nature; for wall surfaces they gather sand ground by torrents from granite mountains; the water in which they dip their brush is the crystal stream wherein the trout leaps. And thus somehow this rude fresco painting, which is to the people native as their speech and traditional as their religion, lives and lasts, while the forced and pampered art made to order of Act of Parliament and sustained by State subsidy perishes. In the Palace of Westminster there are frescoes as rotten as the most tattered tapestries which ever crumbled from old walls, and yet some of the works at Westminster have cost the country 10*l.* the square foot; nevertheless the painters grumbled that the pay was inadequate. The essential cause of this excessive cost seems to be the expense of London living. Nothing tends so much to deteriorate our modern art as the self-imposed necessity of earning a large income to meet the extravagant expenditure which seems to be imposed by society. Only in England has fresco painting been a costly art; the Caracci and others are known to have been miserably paid, and yet when we last saw the ceiling of the Farnese palace, three hundred years had failed to fade the pigments. But our English artists have found fresco not only costly, but difficult. Mr. Dyce, who succeeded better than his fellow-labourers, complained of "those preliminary failures and hindrances to progress which oppress every one who attempts the practice of this most disheartening and patience-exhausting art." Mr. MacIse equally rebelled against a process which the Italians found easy. Again, then, we have to repeat that the fault is not in the art, but in its practitioners. To meet the reiterated objection that fresco presents insuperable difficulties, we inquired among the painters of Munich, and were by no means surprised to find that the process is there looked upon as the very A B C of painting; even tiros are without fear when they stand up before a wall ten feet high. Within the last year or two we have watched in Munich and Innspruck German and Tyrolese fresco painters fearlessly working in churches and cemeteries without any incipient symptoms of the madness which, according to Lord Elcho, threatened Mr. Herbert and his plasterer. We may further state that in Munich, within the Bavarian National Museum, are a series of 143 historic compositions, covering a total wall area which we estimate at 19,840 square feet. These works, mostly in fresco, have been executed at an inconsiderable cost, by men many of whom have but just emerged from academic studies. We do not extol these pictures as triumphant efforts of genius, but at all events they show, not only enthusiasm in the dramatic rendering of a people's history, but a well-defined system of constructive composition, with mastery over the technique of mural painting. In thus speaking somewhat severely of the shortcomings of English painters entrusted by the State with momentous commissions, it is but right to mention that Mr. Watts and others see their way to making fresco easy, rapid, and economical, through a treatment broad, generalized, and simple. There can be no doubt that our artists accustomed to easel painting have fallen into the error of treating fresco with a detail and elaboration better suited to oil.

Mural painting may be considered as a large genus which includes many species, whereof fresco buono or secco happens to be only the most familiar form. And it seems likely in this scientific and inventive age that the number of processes may be from time to time so multiplied and perfected that fresco will be used only when suited to the capacity and taste of the individual artist, or to the exigencies of some specific place or composition. We find, in fact, that our painters have in the course of years practised two or more methods. Each new process has in turn become identified with some important and successful work. Thus water glass, which has lost a little of its former popularity, was chosen by Professor Kaulbach for his grand wall pictures in Berlin, and by Mr. Herbert for his "Moses" in the Palace of Westminster. Again, the so-called "spirit fresco" has been employed with signal success by Mr. Leighton in Lyndhurst Church, and by Mr. Gambier Parry in his church at Highnam; likewise a certain wax vehicle, known as "Parris's Marble Medium," has, in the hands of Mr. Armitage, given good results in a memorial picture to the late Crabb Robinson painted for London University Hall. We may further add that we have received from Professor Piloty an account of experiments conducted over a period of many years in Munich, the results of which promise a more perfect silica medium than the water-glass. This intimation may be of interest to Mr. Herbert, who withholds his full assent from the Report because of his conviction "that a proper system of siliceous painting is far superior to fresco, and admits of as luminous effects." Mr.

Herbert has a right to speak, because his "Moses," executed in water-glass, is unexampled for luminosity. On the whole, the prospects of mural decoration grow more hopeful; at any rate, each artist seems to have some pet plan of his own by which he expects to evade previous perplexities.

REVIEWS.

LYELL'S PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY.*

THE great work of Sir Charles Lyell has too long and too authoritatively held its place as a classic in the literature of science to call for, or even to admit, the expression of any estimate of its value. The number of editions it has gone through may be taken as sufficiently attesting the concurrence of public taste and conviction with the appreciative opinion of the more critical class of readers at home and abroad. It may be hoped that the wide and increasing circulation of so valuable a work has had, and is long destined to have, the effect of leavening the mass of educated thought with its sound, careful, and conscientious views of physical truth. While congratulating both the writer and reader upon the issue of the eleventh edition of the *Principles of Geology*, we feel that our notice of its contents is almost of necessity restricted to those portions of the work in which the author has seen reason to amplify, to remodel, or to correct what he had advanced in former impressions. Within the last five years special attention has been drawn to the geological proofs of strongly marked changes in the terrestrial climate during long periods of time. In face of the additional facts and corresponding theories which have thus divided the minds of geological inquirers, Sir Charles Lyell has seen fit to recast those chapters of his work which treated of the meteorology and climatic history of the earth's surface, with a view especially to insist upon the paramount influence exerted in this direction by the relative distribution and height of the land at successive periods. The balance of argument and research has been such in the meanwhile as to confirm him more and more in his conviction of the agreement and continuity of the forces at work through all the vicissitudes of the earth's surface, from the earliest to the most recent geological ages. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to go further back for the pedigree of the organic forms which for the most part chronicle and attest the laws of succession than to that miocene period in whose organic deposits the flora and fauna of all subsequent ages seem to have their ground and root. A superficial view of the local changes of climate which are proved to have taken place might have, and indeed has, induced the belief that causes no longer operative had been at work in remoter times. The existence of a sub-tropical miocene flora near, and probably up to, the North Pole, with remains of the mastodon, elephant, rhinoceros, and cognate mammals as far north as the icy circle, might be taken to point to a revolution of a terrestrial, if not of a cosmical, kind from higher conditions of temperature. On the other hand, the dispersion in a southern direction of erratic blocks, evidently carried by ice action, and striated or polished by glacial friction, was a proof of a cold climate extending much further south than that of the present time, invading even the sub-tropical latitudes. Now there can be absolutely no room for the hypothesis of any appreciable change, within miocene times at least, in the total temperature of the earth, either from the sudden outburst of subterranean fires on the one hand, or from general cooling of the earth's mass on the other. At the same time, a large body of both organic and inorganic evidence supports the view that the climate of earlier geological periods, from whatever cause, had over wide regions been in excess of what it now is. Not only in the greater part of the miocene and eocene epochs did a vegetation like that of Central Europe in our day extend into the Arctic Regions as far as they have been explored, and probably to the Pole itself, but in the Secondary or Mesozoic ages the prevalent types of vertebrate life indicate a warm climate and an absence of frost between 40° N. and the Pole, a large ichthyosaurus having been found in lat. 77° 10' N. Carrying our retrospect back to the Primary or Palaeozoic ages, we find an assemblage of plants which implies that a warm, humid, and equable climate extended from the 30th parallel of North latitude to within a few degrees of the Pole, while a still older flora, the Devonian, leads to a similar inference. Such, moreover, is the general resemblance between the whole invertebrate fauna of the Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian rocks and that of the Carboniferous, Permian, and Triassic series, as to make it clear that a similarity of conditions as regards temperature prevailed throughout the whole of these six periods.

The idea of possible variations in the temperature of space traversed by our globe, started by Poisson, is promptly set aside by considerations long ago advanced by Mr. Hopkins. Nor is there much greater force, as Sir Charles Lyell amply shows, in the effect attributed by others to variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic. The latest calculations of Sir John Herschel, conveyed in a letter to our author in October 1866, admit the possibility of a deviation of the earth's axis to the extent of three, or even four, degrees on either side of the mean. The sun's rays would thus be disseminated at intervals over a far broader zone than at present,

* *Principles of Geology*, &c. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., M.A., F.R.S. Eleventh and entirely Revised Edition. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1872.

around the Arctic and Antarctic Poles, with a correspondent shortening of the Polar night, and a diffusion of more genial warmth. Yet, on the other hand, a large deduction must be made, as Mr. Meech has shown, for the increased length of path, and the greater amount of atmosphere through which the calorific rays must pass in very high latitudes, not to speak of the greater prevalence of cloud in regions round the Pole. A truer cause of climatic change is to be sought in the effect of precession of the equinoxes, the revolution of the apsides, and, above all, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. The great cycle of change due to precession would cause the different seasons of the Northern and Southern hemispheres to coincide in turn, within 25,868 years, with all the points through which the earth passes in its orbit round the sun. Combining with this movement, that of the revolution of the apsides or "motion of the aphelion," as Herschel named it, reduces this term of years to about twenty-one thousand. Sir C. Lyell's explanation, aided by a new diagram, renders sufficiently clear the effects which would be produced upon climate by the successive phases of precession, especially when combined with increased eccentricity or distance from the sun. The difference between winter in aphelion and perihelion—the range of eccentricity extending, as he has shown, to 14,000,000 miles at some periods, instead of 3,000,000, as now—is set down by Mr. Croll as not less than one-fifth of the entire heat received from the sun. Some slight change in this direction since the year 1248 A.D. has been thought capable of actual proof by M. d'Adhémar, and of being verified by the observations of M. Venetz upon the decrease of Swiss glaciers prior to the tenth century, and their subsequent increase. An admirable table compiled by Mr. Stone shows the variations in eccentricity for a million years before 1800 A.D., with the number of days which would be added to winter by its occurrence in aphelion, which has been followed up for a million years more by Mr. Croll and Mr. Carrick Moore. From these figures there might appear to be a possibility of approximating to a date for the Glacial epoch; and Sir C. Lyell holds it "far from startling" that 200,000 years back might be fixed upon as about the period of greatest cold, when the excess of winter days amounted to 27.7. He had in his tenth edition speculated upon 800,000 or 1,000,000 years as nearer the Glacial epoch, but he feels compelled to narrow the time within the limit at which the principal geographical features of the continents and oceanic basins were approximately assuming their present form. Were the astronomical theory, however, to be relied upon as the basis for the solution of the problem, we ought to meet in the course of paleontological research with a series of Glacial periods perpetually recurring in the Northern Temperate Zone; supposing a large eccentricity by itself sufficient, apart from the co-operation of terrestrial causes, to intensify the cold of high latitudes. But no such evidence of violent revolutions is to be found in the flora and fauna of earlier periods. The continuity of forms, particularly in the class of reptiles, from the Carboniferous to the Cretaceous period, is an obvious fact opposed to the intercalation of intense glacial epochs. Another fact is that many great cycles of eccentricity must have been gone through in the long centuries of the Carboniferous period, in which no break in the order of life is manifested.

The exhaustion of all other means of solution, joined to the mass of positive evidence accumulated by recent science, throws us more and more conclusively upon the idea to which Sir Charles Lyell has firmly held from the first, and which may be taken as the culminating point of his latest achievements in geology, that the predominant cause of the great changes in climate is to be found in the distribution and elevation of the land. The Glacial period may be traced to an excessive and abnormal accumulation of land around the Pole. There is absolutely no limit to the alterations which the surface of our globe may have, or indeed has, gone through. There is hardly a spot of what is now land which has not been covered by the sea, probably not a space now covered by the ocean which has not been at some time, if not many times, dry land. In one epoch the land may have been chiefly equatorial, at another polar or circumpolar. At present we may readily divide the globe into two equal parts, the land hemisphere and the water hemisphere; the former of which exhibits almost as much land as water, or as 1 to 1.06; while in the latter the proportion of land to water, as made out by Mr. Trelawny Saunders, is only as 1 to 7.988. The general proportion of land to sea may be taken throughout the globe as 1 to 2.5. Were the land, by the action of subterranean forces, its total amount being unchanged, now gathered together in masses along the equator and around the Poles alternately, such geographical changes would amply suffice, as Sir C. Lyell makes it his task to show, to explain the utmost vicissitudes which the climate of the earth has undergone. This course of reasoning by no means precludes such aid as may be brought in by independent *vera causa*, by the concurrence of the cold period induced by excessive piling of land around the Pole with wintering in aphelion, or at a period when the earth's axis was abnormally inclined. These causes, especially in combination, would greatly intensify what after all must remain the ruling and inherent principle of climatic revolutions. We have only to look at the present aspect of Greenland to satisfy ourselves what might become the state of the British Isles by a mere substitution of other local conditions under the same parallel of latitude. Were the Gulf Stream done away with, the equatorial continents which now form vast reservoirs of heat transferred to the Northern regions, and their snow-clad frozen surface swept by Polar currents, how far south would the ice sheet cover the unsubmerged tracts of land, and the glaciers

come down to the level of the sea? The chain of facts and reasonings by which Sir Charles Lyell binds together the phenomena which science and discovery contribute to this intricate problem forms one of the most characteristic features of his book. Every new link and every additional degree of tenacity given to his argument enhances the value of this standard work as a steadfast, clear-sighted, and consistent witness to the great law of uniformity and continuity in nature.

The latest information acquired by deep-sea dredging has been incorporated by Sir C. Lyell into his remarks upon the temperature and shape of the bed of the ocean and its living inhabitants. In his chapter on ocean currents he has also considered the latest known results of experiments and observations made by Dr. Carpenter, Professor Wyville Thompson, and Captains Spratt and Nares upon the currents of the Straits of Gibraltar. The space allotted to this survey is not adequate to a full or critical discussion of the arguments for and against the existence of a permanent indraught. The balance of proof, however, is felt by Sir Charles to support his previously expressed conviction, that the inflowing movement is no permanent undercurrent caused by evaporation, but the result of the Mediterranean tide, which, slight as it is, runs alternately to east and west for several hours, its action being found more regular in the depths of the Straits, where it is less affected either by winds or by the surface inflow. The difference of no less than twenty degrees between the temperature of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, as well as the difference of four degrees between the deep-sea soundings of the western and central basins of the Mediterranean and of the Greek Archipelago, is explained by the existence of high submarine crests or barriers of rock bounding the sea to the west, and again dividing it into sections, as shown by the diagram in the present edition. Proceeding to the wider problem of ocean circulation arising out of the extreme cold found at great depths both in temperate and tropical regions, Sir Charles disputes the notion of these low temperatures being due to mere depth, the Mediterranean soundings of 13,800 feet having failed to reach a degree of cold below 55° F. Yet the soundings taken at Aden, whither the cold water can only come from the Southern hemisphere, lead to the belief that the whole of the equatorial abysses of the ocean are traversed, in some parts at least, by a continuous mass of water not much above 32° F. That solar heat is in some way or other the primary cause of this great displacement, through the change in specific gravity from the cooling of water towards the polar zones, counterbalanced by a return, however slowly, of water from the equator to the Poles, may well take the place of more reconciliatory theories, such as that exploded by Herschel, that the expansion of water by heat in the equatorial zone raises the level of the sea, and causes a flow down a gently inclined plane towards the Poles. In the absence, however, of more extensive and accurate knowledge of the state of the ocean at great depths, or of its local direction and quantity of motion, in relation to the utter stillness found generally by the sounding line to prevail in its great abysses, Sir Charles Lyell is too cautious and patient a reasoner to think the time ripe for a positive solution.

LETTERS OF MISS MITFORD.*

IT is no disparagement whatever to Miss Mitford to say that the two new volumes of her letters do not add very much to our knowledge of herself, her opinions, or her experience of life. A woman whose time was spent in reading and writing and receiving visits; who rarely left home; whose correspondents were all literary; who was concerned in no public matters of interest; who had no private history of the affections (as far as we have yet been told); who was almost ostentatiously frank and unreserved about herself; who had only one secret, which she hid from all her friends, and tried to hide from herself—the very vulgar clay of that reprobate old idol, her father, and the miseries he caused her—who finally wrote often ten letters a day, and sometimes thirty, must necessarily repeat herself. Her correspondents change, but her topics must remain the same; and not only the topics, but, with such a character, and under such circumstances, the mode of treating them; and yet it seems to be the design of the many holders of her letters to print them all. Mr. Chorley betrays a sense of ill-usage because there are stores of Miss Mitford's letters, "letters of indisputable interest," which their possessors declined to place in his hands, with an intimation of their being reserved for separate publication. These letters in reserve have no doubt an intrinsic interest—that is, the same interest as to matter and style as those already before the world; but we take leave to doubt the propriety, either in the interests of their writer or of literature, of publishing another series of them. The present collection consists mainly of four series: Miss Mitford's letters to Mrs. Hoiland, lasting from 1817 to 1837; to Miss Anderson, afterwards Mrs. Partridge, from 1837 to 1854; to Miss Harrison, afterwards Mrs. Acton Tindall, from 1836 to 1854; and to Mrs. Ouvry, from 1847 to 1855—that is, within a few days of her death. Such constancy of friendship as is implied by mere frequency and length of correspondence is no doubt a fine trait of character, though it must be admitted that Miss Mitford could not afford to lose her friends, and very frankly used their services. It was not, however, either in her nature or circumstances to vary

* *Letters of Mary Russell Mitford. Second Series. Edited by Henry Chorley. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.*

tone or matter with each correspondent. The difference between one correspondence and another lies in the allusions to, and comments on, each friend's sayings and doings; matters of extreme interest to recipients and holders, but in most cases of little curiosity or value to the reader. The letters to Mrs. Hofland, for example, with much amusing literary gossip, contain an amount of flattery, a profusion of encomiums on Mr. Hofland's landscapes and Mrs. Hofland's novels, which it is not fair to publish at full length. The writer's style certainly toned down with years—a fact so much to the credit of her real sincerity that when we read such sentences as “You, my dear Mrs. Hofland, are the mistress of our tears, as Miss Austen is of our smiles, and I think you have the advantage; people are prouder of crying than of laughing; you hear more praises of *Lear* than of the *School for Scandal*,” we feel how hard it is to flout such criticisms in the face of a well-earned reputation after fifty years.

Still the ruling feeling of Miss Mitford's life was against a severe sincerity. It was her will to ignore her father's evil practices towards the world and herself. Every letter has some prettiness about him which she knew was not true, and which she must also have known that her correspondent would take for what it was worth; but she chose it to be so, and would willingly establish, while scarcely conscious of the bargain, a tacit understanding with her friends that, if they would fall in with her tone about him, and accept her version of his character, they should not be the losers. But deception, even self-deception, of this sort, however filial and Spartan, cannot be kept up with impunity. Wherever it is particularly flagrant it seems to diffuse itself through the letter, imparting, to our thinking, a sort of flummery of unreality to the furthest corners and crossings. She wrote with a swing, because too often, if she paused in her charming spirits and rose-coloured views of life, the paternal cravings, scrapes, and selfish exactions might force themselves on her harassed brain; and so the style in this one respect suffers; though likely enough the excessive rapidity of her pen deceived her into a sense of almost random candour and unreserve. Nobody who knew Miss Mitford can hold his hand from this evil genius of her life and happiness. Though Mr. Chorley says, “the man lies fallen into the kennel of oblivion,” yet he assists in keeping him in the world's memory, where indeed he must hold a place so long as his daughter's wonderful love and extravagant devotion live in it.

In one point, however, Miss Mitford was exceptionally true. She took a just view of her own powers, which is a virtue of a high order, intellectual as well as moral, in a flattered authoress. She might compliment others, but she could speak modestly about herself. She was no fisher for fine speeches, and was alive to her own shortcomings, when publishers were urging her to write, and pecuniary success rewarded all her efforts, along with a degree of fame which her readers now can scarcely account for, and which must make some moderns envious. She was a real celebrity, had correspondents wherever English was spoken, and found her acquaintance sought, not only by rising genius, but by men of the highest literary reputation. There was in her a warmth of sympathy, an appreciation of intellectual intercourse, a pleasure in reciprocal admiration, which would seem to have rendered her society extremely attractive. We gather that people all felt themselves their cleverest and brightest in her company, and if they knew that they would be sketched off to her friends in glowing colours, it would add an historical interest to an hour's conversation. She had the faculty of being charmed; probably people really showed their best to her, and, enjoying themselves, contributed in an especial degree to the common enjoyment. Her social instinct was so strong that she could only exercise her critical powers on subjects quite removed from and out of reach of personal intercourse. Thus she does not get on with American literary ladies or their books; *Uncle Tom's Cabin* seems to her utterly disagreeable; indeed she presently sticks fast, and is very unlikely to take up the volume again. In fact, she suspects Mrs. Stowe to be one of the strong-minded women of whom Margaret Fuller is another; and “the very nicest American lady she has known, like a well-born young Englishwoman,” has told her that Margaret is the most odious creature that ever lived, the most conceited and presuming. She cannot even believe in the cleverness or much-vaunted superiority of a woman whose writings do so little to prove it. But Margaret comes to Europe, is seen in society, has a tragical end, and Miss Mitford's enthusiasm is aroused. She hears of her from Mrs. Browning, with whom “the Ossolis” spent their last evening at Florence, and there the Marquis recalled the fatal prophecy against himself—“Beware of the Sea!” She subsequently reads Emerson's life, and is astonished at the interest of the book, and the power of the woman. But if she is somewhat cold towards the genius and character of successful authoresses who were known neither to herself nor her friends—Miss Fernier, Miss Brontë, and others—all her heart goes out to her intimates, if fellow-workers. The friendship between her and Mrs. Browning was honourable to both, and was carried on Miss Mitford's part to the extreme point of allowing her friend some insight into her own inmost estimate of her father's character; and she could repay affection and tenderness with an effusion which it was worth while to have awakened. It was something for a young poetess to be portrayed to contemporaries and to posterity, if they read Miss Mitford's letters, in her glowing descriptions:—

No, my sweet love [she writes to Mrs. Acton Tindall], that charming drawing from Carlo Dolce is not, nor ever can have been, at all like our exquisite friend. Its beauty, great as it is, is the result of harmony; hers

proceeded from contrasts—a slight, girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet; a round face, with a most noble forehead; a large mouth, beautifully formed, and full of expression; lips like parted coral; teeth large, regular, and glittering with healthy whiteness; large dark eyes, with such eyelashes, resting on the cheek when cast down, when turned upward, touching the flexible and expressive eyebrows; a dark complexion, with cheeks literally as bright as the dark China rose; a profusion of silky dark curls, and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed. This, added to the very simple, but graceful and costly, dress, by which all the family are distinguished, is an exact portrait of her some years ago.

Then follows the change that ill-health, which secluded Miss Barrett for years from general society, had made—paling the rosy cheek and altering expression:—

The expression too is completely changed; the sweetness remains, but it is accompanied by more shrewdness, more gaiety; the look, not merely of the woman of genius—that she always had—but of the superlatively clever woman. An odd effect of absence from general society, that the talent for conversation should have ripened, and the shyness have disappeared—but so it is. When I first saw her, her talk, delightful as it was, had something too much of the lamp—she spoke too well—and her letters were rather too like the very best books. Now all this is gone; the free thoughts come gushing and sparkling like water from a spring, but flow as naturally as water down a hill-side—clear, bright, and sparkling in the sunshine. All this, besides its delightfulness, looks like life, does it not?

This is good writing, and raises an image in the reader's mind. The personification of the muse is generally a divided work. One woman fulfils our ideal of form, another acts out the inspiration; here we see form and spirit in accord. Miss Mitford is indeed an enthusiast for her lovely young friend's genius and powers. Yet we observe one feeling even towards her effusions—a decided preference for the short over the long. With such an appetite for books, such a prodigious literary digestion as Miss Mitford was gifted with from infancy—so that she could say, “Reading is that for which I live”—we should have thought that a long poem would offer no difficulties; but it is not so. Great readers are great skippers; one never quite knows what reading twelve octavo volumes of solid matter means, enumerated perhaps among a dozen other works of reputation raced through in a fortnight; but it rarely means reading them through. Prose admits of such illusions. But poetry does not; reading poetry is real work. Nobody can persuade himself that he has read *Paradise Lost* by dipping. Therefore Miss Mitford votes decidedly for short poems. They are the poems, she argues, that live—that go home to other hearts; “Only look at the difference between those sort of poems in Elizabeth Barrett's and Victor Hugo's volumes, compared with their dramas, and you will understand what I mean.” Even short poems test her patience, as in her clever tribute to Rogers's poetry, “which must be admired by everybody but by me with that sort of calm, sober, chastened admiration which one is in the habit of bestowing on those sort of poems which are very short and seem very long.” As for Mr. Browning, the effort of reading him is clearly too much for her. “I confess, quite between ourselves, that I can't make out his poetry”; though she is so anxious to think the best of him of whom his wife writes so magnificently, that she subsequently allows “more in it” than she thought at first. Of both she reports in one of her latest letters (1854), that Mr. and Mrs. Browning's books “are advancing towards completion. They have been in hand these three years. His are lyrics of which she has only seen some; hers a fictitious biography in blank verse, of which he has not seen one word, though four thousand lines have been written—a strange reserve.”

Mr. Ruskin becomes known to her as soon as he is the famous Oxford Graduate. In every point he was calculated to excite her enthusiasm, and as years went on the sentiment gathered force. Of his youthful excellence, set off by youthful grace, she writes to her friend Mrs. Partridge:—

Mr. Ruskin was here last week, and is certainly the most charming person I have ever known. The books are very beautiful, although I do not agree in all the opinions; but the young man himself is just what, if one had a son, one should have dreamt of his turning out, in mind, manner, conversation, everything. I quite longed for you to hear and admire him.

There was nothing in Miss Mitford which quarrelled with the world's favourable estimate and verdict; none of that provoking resistance to a general opinion, because it is general, which belongs to some quick wits. Hence rising genius met with no snubs in her presence. She had a taste for success in others, as well as that more common form of the liking, a taste for success in herself. This has no doubt much to do with the extraordinary enthusiasm with which she followed the career of the Emperor of the French, as the successor of her hero Napoleon I. Her letters are interspersed with every variety of commendation, some of it in the most unexpected form; as, for example, that the Prince Louis Napoleon “is the very impersonation of calm, simple honesty”; and that the circumstances of his marriage show him “almost as great a poet as his uncle.” She congratulates her friend on conversion to his cause. “Ah, my well-beloved President, I knew you would come round to him! he is much too good for his nation, and, as you say, has little in common with it; too honest, too calm, too modest, too truthful!” The *Coup d'état* is no shock to her, nor to Mrs. Browning, who, she writes, outvies her in enthusiasm. In 1852 she pronounces him the only man who has made any reputation in the four years just passed; and exclaims, “Give me a mild despotism—one clear head—where, instead of talking over affairs for twenty years and writing about them in a hundred newspapers, what is wanted is accomplished.” Mr. Bennock, her correspondent, does not like Napoleon; but she pins her faith on those spontaneous acts of benevolence for which her hero is so remarkable. “You do not like my beloved Emperor; but was not that

visit to the hospitals the very thing to do? And is he not full of those graceful and gracious movements? too full to be mere calculation." Miss Mitford was a Whig by birth and training, and habit of sharing in the universal sentiment around her; but there is something in the idea of power boldly exercised which takes the imagination of woman.

Some of the latest letters in this series have a peculiar interest, as expressing with more strength and amplification than we meet in the first, the clearer faith and hope which cheered the painful period of peculiar helplessness preceding her death—a prostration so complete that she was justified in writing that nothing was left sound but head and heart. Her health had been broken by an unremitting attendance upon her father through a long illness. Always selfish, old age and suffering were not likely to rouse him to considerations which through life had had no weight. He was exacting to an incredible extent. All her days had to be devoted to his service, though the only sign he gave of liking her company was in being more miserable without it; and at night she had to devote hours to the literary labour which was to earn money for his wants. She survived him six or seven years, but never recovered from the strain. It is scarcely fair to Miss Mitford to repeat so many times, sometimes in all but identical words, the details of her last illness which she wrote to different friends; but they represent a state of helpless suffering borne with real patience and exemplary cheerfulness. To her friend Mrs. Bennock she writes:—

I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson. He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive—such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I went to him for advice and consolation, and I found it. I have always felt that this visitation was the great mercy of a most gracious God to draw me to Himself. May He give me grace not to neglect the opportunity! Pray for me, my dear friends! We are of different forms, but surely of one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the Gospel. I have read the whole twice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me, speaking merely intellectually, more easy to believe than to disbelieve. But I am still subject to wandering thoughts—fluttering thoughts. I cannot realize even that which I believe. Pray for me that my faith may be quickened and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you, and my reliance upon yours, when you read these last lines. Mr. Pearson stayed over Monday that he might administer the Sacrament to me.

The number of names which are not merely names, but with some additional light thrown upon them, are a distinguishing feature of Miss Mitford's letters; such, for example, as Crabb Robinson, Charles Bonar, Kingsley, Landor, Hawthorne, Tom Moore, Tennyson—but the list does not admit of enumeration. This being the case, we cannot appreciate the delicacy of precaution on which Mr. Chorley values himself in a note. Where the initial letters which he substitutes for the name in full occur in large numbers we could have wished for a bolder excision. If we must read of a fit of the gout tormenting somebody fifty years ago, let us at least not be put off with a blank; let us know who was tormented, that we may have the chance of fitting it upon some uncle or grandfather of an existing bearer of the name. Such an abstraction as a fit of the gout unattached is not worth perpetuating in print. Then there is a tantalizing Miss J—constantly recurring in the earlier correspondence, to whom the epithet "charming" is uniformly appended. If the impersonation of so many graces is to go down to posterity at all, has she not a right to so much body as the syllables of her name carry with them? What ideas can we form of any woman out of an initial letter and a blank? We say this as a hint to all editors of letters and in the interests of their readers, rather than in any spirit of discontent with Mr. Chorley, who has put together two very attractive volumes, in which, wherever we open, we find matter to lead us on page after page well amused.

VINOY'S SIEGE OF PARIS.*

THOSE who watched last summer with critical eye the first peace parade of the army of Republican France, when the Chief of the Executive Power sat in state in the place of the fallen Emperor, and celebrated the recovery of Paris to the country by reviewing the troops that had won it, have said that among all the military names which were whispered from ear to ear, two only won the plaudits of the crowd. Soldier and civilian on that day did spontaneous honour to the brave old Marshal whose reputation had survived the wreck of Woerth and the surrender of Sedan, and who, scarce healed of the wounds suffered on the day when Frenchmen sustained a defeat more terrible than they had ever inflicted, had come back to lead the mixed forces which it was well known would obey no other leader. And joined with MacMahon's name amid the plaudits was that of the stout old soldier who had led his reserve; for Vinoy's name had endured the shocks of disaster and the more fiery trials of political turmoil, without ever being subjected to a charge of meanness, dishonesty, or personal self-seeking. The spontaneous homage accorded to these two leaders on that day when Frenchmen for the first time for many a dreary month could contemplate their soldiery with pride, proved that at heart the same sound qualities find approval with their nation as with our colder selves; and that, amid the wrecks left by the storms that have swept over their unhappy country, an unstained personal character still finds its reward.

* *Opérations du 13^{me} Corps et de la Troisième Armée. Par le Général Vinoy. Paris: Plon, 1872.*

Marshal MacMahon loves his pen too little to let us hope that he will do himself justice in a narrative of his own. He leaves to minor actors in the great drama of the Second Empire the task of showing how his honesty of character and singleness of mind kept him apart from, and out of the favour of, the despotic ruler whom he served. Others also will probably have to explain (indeed some of them unconsciously, like the unhappy De Failly, are doing it already) how far his share may be excused in the great defeats connected with his name. General Vinoy is not so reticent nor so absorbed in the more active duties of his profession, or we could not have received the narrative which he now gives to the world of his share in the strange events of the last eighteen months. Not that the present volume completes the tale. It carries it on only so far as the 22nd of January of last year, when Vinoy received the chief command of all the garrison of Paris from Trochu's failing hands in the last days of the German siege. We are promised a later work from his pen, which will tell the story of the Commune. The book before us is itself made up of two essentially distinct parts; for the operations of the original XIIIth Corps in the field before the siege began, and during the first days of the investment, are naturally a separate subject from those of the larger force which Vinoy commanded during the later stages of the leaguer of the once brilliant capital of modern Caesarism. We purpose, therefore, treating these two portions of the volume separately.

Though somewhat fatiguing to the general reader in the precision of its details, Vinoy's work will for that very reason be of untold value to the future historian of the war. Moreover, the General writes with facility, if not with real brilliancy, and understands the full value of the professional phraseology which, added to the natural resources of their language, has created a school of French military historians second only to the renowned writers of Greece. So that his work will serve those chance readers who know how to skip judiciously, as well as the more industrious band who dig closely into the materials before them. And the drier portion of the narrative is here and there relieved with such touches of sentiment or description as remind the reader usefully that it treats not of mere inanimate pawns upon a chess-board, but of the living sentient beings whom a fine night, a clear moon, and, above all, a well-filled stomach may change from disordered fugitives into obedient and disciplined troops.

What the original reason may have been that the French Government never formed the corps which should have numbered from VIII. to XI. we are not informed. They could hardly have hoped to impose upon so well-informed an enemy as that with whom they had to do by the stale device of pretending the existence of the corps which the missing numbers should represent. It is certain that these commands were, for some unexplained reason, never created. The first reinforcements of MacMahon became a XIIth Corps under Ducrot, when it was known that the defeated Marshal was retreating on Châlons, and the XIIIth Corps, with which we are now concerned, was formed soon afterwards at Paris on the 16th August. The Staff were all appointed in the usual way from among the officers—many, like Vinoy himself, *en retraite* before the war—gathered at the capital; but the bulk of the troops were of the new formation, *régiments de marche*, composed each of three of the fourth or dépôt battalions of the infantry of the line. One single brigade alone, Guilhem's, consisted of two line regiments which had just arrived from Rome, and were in excellent order. Vinoy's ten new *régiments de marche* were very far from being in so satisfactory a condition. The battalions that formed these arrived just as they were hurried up from all parts of France, insufficiently officered by inferior men—for the dépôt service had naturally been unpopular—and varying in numbers from twelve hundred down to three hundred rank and file. The breakdown of the War Ministry had affected the French dépôt system, like the rest of the military machine; and the commanders, accustomed to refer all things to the Bureau at Paris, must have been left without defined instructions till the last, for General Vinoy tells us that some brought with them all the men there had been time to clothe, whereas others left all recruits behind who had not passed the first drills. Hardly any of the soldiers were thoroughly taught, and very few had ever fired a shot with the chassépôts they bore, whilst none had ever seen any real service or any training that might prepare for it. Of his artillery, which numbered ninety guns—a fair proportion to his thirty thousand men—Vinoy gives a better account. The division of cavalry which he was promised was sent on to Châlons in advance, and was lost to the corps. The Intendence, it will surprise no one to learn, was quite unequal to its work; and, owing to the confusion in the War Office, no medical staff at all was appointed for some time after the corps was formed, although the necessary officers were in Paris awaiting orders.

On the very day that Vinoy received his command, Bazaine was intercepted at Mars-la-Tour, and all communication with him soon afterwards ceased. The next scene of the drama turned on the possibility of his release, and Vinoy's work shows beyond dispute that the new War Minister, Palikao, must bear the full responsibility of the loss of a second great army in the rash design of extricating that already cut off, which we long since in these pages fixed upon him. An elaborate plan accompanying Vinoy's work is copied exactly from a sketch received from the War Ministry on the 28th of August, as a guide to the then positions of the armies and the movements by which MacMahon's flank march was to be carried out. This sketch—a curiosity of military

literature in its way—is marvellously correct in its view of the positions. The Prussians are shown investing Metz and Verdun, and even descending the Meuse towards Sedan. But the Crown Prince is supposed to have been drawn on to Châlons before discovering the flank march, and to be only turning northward too late to reach even the tail of the columns of MacMahon, whose junction-point with Bazaine is indicated about forty miles west of Metz, near Étain. It is true that to effect this he would evidently have to force the passage of the Meuse in face of resistance from the Prussians (the Prince of Saxony's Fourth Army really), heard of near Verdun; and Bazaine, aided perhaps by his brother Marshal's approach, had to break through the cordon that kept him on the Moselle. But for these obstacles Palikao was evidently prepared when indicating on his pretty sketch (what a piece of irony the words read to day!) the "plateau où la jonction doit se faire," the meeting point which MacMahon's troops did indeed reach not many days later—but reached as prisoners of war.

Whilst MacMahon with four corps began his unhappy march from Châlons, the XIIIth was directed by Palikao to his support. Its first orders were to advance cautiously towards the Aisne, about Craonne, not joining MacMahon, but subject to his orders, and prepared to threaten the flank of the Crown Prince on his expected movement northwards. The days were, however, days of indecision no less than of rashness, and that evening the intended movement on Craonne was suspended, and changed early on the 29th for a direct movement by railroad on Mézières under similar general instructions as regarded the armies in the field. But ere the rear of Vinoy's Corps had begun the march, De Failly's Corps had been surprised at Beaumont by the Bavarians under circumstances of discredit which time only darkens, and the series of combats in the Argonne was fairly begun, which "hardly ceased until the Third and Fourth German Armies had shaken hands" along the Belgian frontier round their ill-fated prey.

The movement on Mézières was conducted entirely by the railroad which runs through Soissons and Laon. The details were arranged by Palikao himself, whose taste for meddling with the duties of his subordinates appears to be surpassed by no official that any central War Office in France or elsewhere has ever known; so that it was only Vinoy's remonstrance which enabled the corps to keep its two old regiments at its head. The resources of the Soissons line, knowing nothing of any military requirements in time of peace, were found to be quite unequal to the duties suddenly imposed on them by war, and an additional delay was caused by the railroad being crossed at its Hirson junction by the line to Avesnes, which was kept constantly open until the Prince Imperial had been conveyed to a place of safety.

It was nearly 1 A.M. of the 31st when Vinoy's headquarters reached Charleville, the large commercial suburb of Mézières, on the south side of the Meuse. We know that the Germans were then commencing their preparations for following up the success of Beaumont, and hemming in MacMahon. But though the action of the day before had been fought in the same department, and within an easy ride of Mézières, Vinoy could learn nothing of its particulars or result. To send an aide-de-camp on by the railroad still open to Sedan, to dispose the troops in hand to cover that by which the rest of the corps was arriving, and to reconnoitre along the other line to Rheims, which was reported to be cut, were obvious precautions, and Vinoy adopted them at dawn. The train that carried the aide-de-camp was fired on by the Prussian advanced guard, moving on the Donchéry passage of the Meuse; but Captain Sesmaisons escaped unhurt, and arriving in Sedan, delivered his report to the Emperor. Napoleon, apologizing for his own action in the absence of MacMahon, whose approval as Commander-in-Chief he declared to be necessary, handed him the brief order for Vinoy, "The Prussians are advancing in force; concentrate all your troops at Mézières," a direction which MacMahon, coming up soon afterwards, confirmed. The Marshal spoke freely of the misconduct of De Failly's troops the day before, and of his own intention of soon retreating on Mézières. Though the morning was passing on, he regarded the movement by the north bank of the Meuse on that place as easy and very unlikely to be interfered with. It was 1 P.M., and the Bavarians had been feeling the position on its Bazeilles side, when Captain Sesmaisons got clear of the streets of Sedan on his way back, and had a sorrowful proof of the reality of the disaster of the day before. More than five hundred men of the 3rd regiment of the line were drawn up under the command of a subaltern, the senior officer left with the wreck; he could get no orders from any one, and his men were clamouring from the ranks to be led away to Mézières for safety. Stranger sight still upon the road beyond, the aide-de-camp saw inhabitants of that place flying to Sedan for refuge, and meeting others going from Sedan to their town on a similar errand. At half-past two Vinoy received the Emperor's order, but his corps was still delayed on the railroad behind, whilst his reconnoissances told him that the Prussians were in serious force close at hand.

The fatal 1st of September found Vinoy without fresh news, and with but one complete division of his infantry arrived. MacMahon, not being heard of, could evidently not be retreating on Mézières; and Vinoy hoped he might have forced his way past the enemy, and be marching eastward from Sedan. His own instructions in such case from the first had been to endeavour to interfere with any pursuit, and he moved forward therefore a few miles with the troops he had, until his leading brigade found developing before it the Wurtemberg Division, the left of the German army, and at the same time the General learnt that at dawn 40,000 of the enemy had crossed the Meuse that morning, and

lay between himself and MacMahon on the northern bank. Escaped guns of the Vth Corps now came in, and soon afterwards a staff-officer, sent from Sedan at 9.30 A.M. with the news of MacMahon's wound, and of the certainty of the coming defeat. Palikao's reply from Paris when the telegraph carried him this ill news was to leave Vinoy free to act for himself.

To remain at Mézières without provisions and ammunition was to risk certain destruction; so before dark Vinoy had given his orders for a retreat on Laon. To turn back the trains on the way was simple enough; but to remove the division and the reserve artillery now collected at Mézières by the exhausted resources of the railroad was hopeless, and Vinoy formed his two brigades and mass of guns into a column to march at daybreak of the 2nd. But the VIth Prussian Corps, the only one of his vast masses which Von Moltke had failed to bring up into line at Sedan, was already on the way to intercept escape from Mézières, and prepared to contest the direct passage of the Aisne at Château Porcien. Delay would have been fatal to Vinoy; so leaving his camp fires burning, he broke up soon after darkness fell, and by a night march, made under great difficulties with his raw troops, turned the position of the Prussians, and got beyond them. The 4th September found him once more upon the railroad line to Paris without fear of being intercepted. An order from Palikao received that morning enjoined him to make a stand if possible. But events had marched far quicker than the XIIIth Corps, and the same evening a despatch from the new Government, just formed under Trochu, desired him to direct the whole of his troops on Paris. So Laon and Soissons, which Vinoy had just occupied, were left to chance garrisons, and the XIIIth Corps, sole survivor of the ten that had marched to meet the Germans, was drawn in to the capital. The first seven weeks of the war had ruined the reputation of the Third Napoleon, dashed the Imperial crown from his head, and left his capital a prey to revolutionary passions within, and stripped of all defenders without who could avert the coming storm of war.

(To be continued.)

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE.*

MISS NICHOLS, the author of this little story, informs us that she lived from childhood in New York, and having come to England, she has apparently resolved to give us a picture of life and manners in America. She thinks it necessary, under these circumstances, to explain that certain peculiarities of language of which English readers may complain are faithful reproductions of American phraseology. The conventional Yankee of the English stage talks a language which is partly compounded of pure English slang and partly of a mixture of the idioms of different States. For, in spite of the general uniformity of language, an experienced observer can easily distinguish the natives of New England, of the middle States, of the West, and of the South from each other, both by idiom and accent. We confess that we are not sufficiently at home in the subject to be able to say with any confidence how far the language in *Jerry* accurately represents the dialect of New York. Like other American dialects, it appears to be derived from two different sources. The genuine old Americanisms, as the best of all authorities, Mr. Lowell, has shown in his preface to the last series of *Biglow Papers*, are simply old English phrases which have either dropped out of use or which were always confined to special provinces. It is rash indeed to affirm of any given expression that it is of American growth, and that no precedent can be produced for it in some of the old English seventeenth-century authors. Few people, for example, remember that the common expression, a party "platform," was constantly used by the Puritans before the *Mayflower* left our shores. It is perhaps rather more singular to observe that the Republicanism of nearly a century has been unable entirely to suppress such expressions as the "King's English"; and Miss Nichols tells us that she remembers an old lady who always substituted "George a' mercy" for "Lord a' mercy"—a relic, as it appears, of the days when the Georges were treated with more respect than they habitually receive amongst the descendants of their subjects. Still more oddly, we find that the convenience of a decimal coinage has not quite destroyed all recollections of the old monetary system. The characters in *Jerry* talk occasionally about shillings and pence, and a shopkeeper in New York will occasionally give the price of an article as seven-and-sixpence, instead of stating the corresponding number of cents. But besides these survivals of old words, the Americans most certainly have the credit, such as it is, of inventing additions to our common language which we cannot admit to be invariably improvements. We cannot yet reconcile ourselves to talking about a "scientist" or a "walkist" in place of a man of science and a pedestrian; and we have still stronger objections to such a queer corruption as "conjugal," which appears once or twice in these pages. It is true that it may be intended as simply comic, inasmuch as the gentleman who exclaims, "My spirit bride! my beautiful one! my eternal conjugal partner!" is represented as a contemptible quack, and proceeds to swear "eternal conjugal love" to another young lady at a distance of only two pages. America, however, is a free country, and we cannot object to its setting up a language of its own when the humour takes it.

Leaving, however, these philological speculations, we will pro-

* *Jerry: a Novel of American Life.* By Mary S. Gore Nichols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

ceed to the merits of the story itself. We are bound to say that Miss Nichols is not in our opinion the coming novelist. In fact, she has very little notion of telling a story, and has shaken a number of characters together without much regard to coherence or unity of purpose. Yet, in spite of obvious inexperience, she gives proofs of decided talent, and there is some real freshness in many of her descriptions of character. We only regret that the rather confused series of scenes was not put together with a more artistic sense of fitness. It is often said that it is next to impossible to make a really effective novel out of American materials. The people are too homogeneous; there is an unpleasant monotony about the aspect of society; there is little opportunity for those contrasts of manners and those descriptions of the picturesque growths of an old-established order of things which are generally turned to account by our best novelists. To say the truth, we do not consider the excuse to be sufficient. We have a suspicion that America has not as yet produced first-rate novels, unless Hawthorne's works are an exception, for the same reason that it has not produced first-rate poets, or scholars, or men of science. What that reason may be we leave to the reflections of the De Tocqueville of the future. But certainly we do not admit that poverty of materials can be a sufficient excuse. New York, it is very true, is not so picturesque a town as London or as Paris; and yet we fancy that a Thackeray or a Balzac could manage to discover in its passions as intense and incidents as exciting as any in the Old World. Indeed, New York would in some respects have the advantage. The incessant movement of society, the ardent pursuit of wealth, the rapidity with which the scene is perpetually shifting on that strange theatre of life, and the variety of the elements which are constantly brought together in the most miscellaneous of populations, should surely be able to tax the powers even of the most imaginative writer. The cleverest sketch, for example, in the present volume is a certain Mrs. Mayo, who is a fine lady of the American type. She is more versatile, extravagant, and clever than her European sisters; she is always endeavouring to dazzle her husband and her friends by taking up magnetism, or ritualism, or high art, or music, or poetry; she is the centre of all manner of intrigues invented by the social ambition of her fellow-citizens; she is as heartless as Becky Sharp, and as clever at disguising her heartlessness from the surrounding world. Female ambition must surely have a wide career in a country where the rights of women are so extensive, and where the career of the late Mr. Fisk shows how much may be accomplished by shrewdness, impudence, and an utter want of principle. The execution is not equal to the conception, or Mrs. Mayo would entitle her inventor to a high degree of praise. As it is, she rather suggests to us what might be done with such materials by a competent writer than satisfies our expectations. During the first part of her history she is the victim of the clever quack, Dr. Fitznoodle, whose eloquence upon "eternal conjugal love" we have already quoted. Dr. Fitznoodle himself is described with some cleverness, and is to our sharp ladies' doctors what Mr. Fisk was to our keenest speculators in the money market. We could fancy that he is an incarnation of Thackeray's Dr. Brandon, who, as we remember, took refuge from his English creditors in New York. The second of the two ladies to whom he vows "conjugal" affection is a Miss Greene, who inhabits an "aristocratic home in the Fifth Avenue." The manners of this lady are scarcely as aristocratic as her home, as may be inferred from the following scrap of her conversation:—"I want to go to Mrs. Mayo's party," she says to the doctor; "can't you get me invited? You are always as thick as hops with them Mayos. I don't like to live in Fifth Avenue, and never get invited nowhere. I hate that stuck-up Miss Deane [the other object of conjugal attachment], and I want to go with you and make her jealous. I love to make a muss with some folks." The doctor obtains the coveted invitation; and whilst Miss Greene is carrying out her amiable scheme, Nemesis descends upon him in the shape of his real wife, who ruins his promising flirtations, and carries him off to pick up a precarious living by lecturing on popular science in remoter regions. The remarkable good-nature, not to give it a harsher name, of American society, which always shrinks from crushing a rogue, is favourable to this breed of adventurers, who must certainly diversify the face of society in a manner highly agreeable to novelists. We must notice, too, the freedom of manners which allows Dr. Fitznoodle and the other male characters to be always walking about with young ladies, taking them to call upon Bohemian artists at all kinds of hours, and in all sorts of remote corners of the town; and to hold long private conversations without interruption from troublesome chaperons; and we think it must be admitted that Mrs. Mayo's drawing-room, when filled with persons of such varying degrees of culture, though we must not say of rank, mixing so freely and changing so rapidly from the height of fortune to the depths of ruin, ought to afford an excellent hunting-ground for the creator of fiction.

We are far indeed from being at an end of the characters. There is the distinguished poet who becomes a lion of New York society; the Bohemian poet and author who takes a place in the Custom-house, and is at the same time editor of a newspaper, in which capacity he writes paragraphs headed "personal" about a Hungarian corn-doctor and a woolly horse and the lady of his affections, and at the same time composes the most exquisite elegies upon drowned girls; the enthusiastic young millionaire who retires into the country to keep a school by way of studying human nature, and then suddenly bursts out as an exquisite;

the fast and horsy young man who marries one of the heroines, and then proceeds to drink himself to death, amusing himself in the meantime by chewing tobacco in a peculiarly ostentatious manner in order to annoy the delicate sensibilities of his wife; and the rather conventional idiot, Jerry, who gives his name to the story, and, like other fictitious idiots, has a habit of talking the most admirably pious sentiments, which convert his wiser but more worldly-minded superiors. And, besides all these, there are a number of minor characters, all of them more or less original, and gifted with that true American versatility which is the most surprising part of the national character to Englishmen. We cannot honestly say that Miss Nichols has made an amusing story out of these materials; but the reason is not that there is a want of the natural elements of interest, but that she has obviously more characters on her hands than she knows how to manage. The story, too, is mismanaged and absurdly protracted by some unnecessary misunderstandings, which are as provoking as is generally the case with misunderstandings in novels. If she would limit herself on another occasion to a smaller selection from her portrait-gallery, and set her characters to work on some intelligible plot, instead of jostling them together at random like the figures in a kaleidoscope, she might write a really interesting story. But, however this may be, Miss Nichols has done enough to convince us that, if American society has not yet supplied us with much really good fiction, it presents raw materials enough which may be turned to account when a sufficiently qualified observer presents himself. Cooper gave popularity to the old types of Indians and backwoodsmen, and Hawthorne applied the most admirable powers to investing with a poetical atmosphere the characteristic figures of New England. We can see no reason why some genius of the future should not hold up the mirror to the strangely shifting scenes of New York society, which, if not precisely picturesque, is at least animated and exciting in no common degree.

WALCOTT'S TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF CATHEDRALS.*

WE have had something to do with Mr. Walcott once before, when he put forth a book on nearly the same subject as the present, but with somewhat higher pretensions. We have an indistinct remembrance of certain heretics who were charged with putting forth their errors, whatever they were, in "books, little books, and tracts." These are three well-marked stages of composition. It is not without satisfaction that we see that Mr. Walcott has come down from the "book" to the "little book," as the change holds out some hope that he may some day evaporate in a tract. He is a writer whom it is hard to describe. Within a certain range he has read a great deal; but we could not call him a well-read man even within that range, because to call a man well read implies, not only that he has read a great deal, but that he has read it well. Still less can we call him a learned man, because that would imply that he has not only read, but has learned something from his reading. Still the number of books which Mr. Walcott must have read must be very great, and the number of isolated facts which he has carried off from his reading is very great also. The unlucky thing is that he does not know in the least what to do with a fact when he has got hold of it. He shovels out his odd scraps of knowledge broadcast, with the loosest connexion, or no connexion at all, between each particular fact and the facts which happen to be set on each side of it. In Mr. Walcott's former and larger work, *Cathedrals*, utterly confused as was the way in which his materials were thrown together, still there was a good deal of real information scattered about here and there. Though a person who knew nothing of the subject could have learned nothing from Mr. Walcott's book, yet a person who already knew a good deal could easily pick up a good deal more. The present book, the little book, is altogether of a lower type; it seems like the sweepings after the larger book, the gleanings after the vintage; but when the vintage itself hardly reaches to the measure of Abiezer, we cannot speak of the gleanings as exactly the gleanings of Ephraim. A mass of stories, old and new, relevant and irrelevant, having more or less to do with cathedral churches, are thrown together without any principle of arrangement which we can make out. Thus we light by chance on p. 72. We there find a number of headings which seem to have nothing to do with one another, except that in most of them the church-door in one way or another comes in. We find the statement that "in 1395, the Lollards fixed their heretical conclusions on the doors of St. Paul's and Westminster, with various insolent verses." Presently we are told how Bishop Ralph of Chichester "directed the doors of the Cathedral to be barred with thorns," and how this was done "when Henry the Second levied a tax upon Priests." If we turn to Mr. Walcott's reference, "W. Malm, 206," that is to say, p. 206 of the new *Gesta Pontificum*, we find not only, as might be expected in the case of a partisan of St. Anselm, that the King concerned was not Henry the Second but Henry the First, but that it was not the Cathedral only, but all the churches in the diocese whose doors were thus oddly barred. Mr. Walcott, though himself Precentor in a secular Foundation, seems to look on singing as a business wholly belonging to monks; for the words of his original, "monachorum cantum non inhibens, sed tantum laicis aditum arcens," become in his version "ordered the cessation

* *Traditions and Customs of Cathedrals.* By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, B.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

of Divine Service, with exception of that in the choir." But the funny thing is, that between these two stories of the fourteenth and twelfth century severally, we are told that "the first lottery drawn in England was held at St. Paul's door in 1569; and others were drawn there in 1586 and 1612." And so we go on with a number of things having a more or less close connexion with church-doors; how some people were reconciled at the doors, and others whipped there, and how "in 1250 the Dean of St. Paul's closed the doors against Archbishop Boniface, under whose robes a breastplate ominously glittered." Very possibly the door was shut, very possibly it was the Dean who shut it; very possibly the Archbishop wore a breastplate; but not one of these things is recorded; all that Matthew Paris says is, "restituerunt canonici," which may imply shutting the door, but does not assert it. The Winchester Annals speak of a "gravis dissensio inter Bonifacium Cantuariensem archiepiscopum et inter Fulconem Londoniensem et canonicos sancti Pauli." This is still less distinct. In the Annals of Thomas Wykes we do find the doors; but it is not said whether the doors were shut or open, and the effect would be more picturesque if we conceive them open than shut. The Canon of Osney tells us, what we should not have learned from any other source, that things came to a stand-up fight before the church-doors ("habito conflictu inter partes ante foras ecclesie"), in which several of the Archbishop's people were killed. A prudent Dean might indeed have shut the door at such a moment; but the fact is not recorded, and the scene would certainly be much grander if we conceive the door open. And then about the breastplate. Mr. Walcott tells us that the Archbishop wore a breastplate when he went to St. Paul's. Matthew Paris arms him with a breastplate, or rather a coat of mail ("loricatus"), the next day when he went to St. Bartholomew's; the natural inference is that, after the treatment which his people met at St. Paul's, he took to his fleshly armour to defend himself at St. Bartholomew's. Also, in the special prominence which Mr. Walcott gives to the Dean, he misses the point of the story and the way of speaking at the time. There is no mention of the Dean especially resisting the Archbishop; the resistance is attributed to the Canons generally, the Dean being, in the notions of the thirteenth century, only one, though the chief, among their number. Mr. Walcott no doubt got his Dean from the words of Matthew Paris, when he says that Boniface excommunicated the Dean and some others ("decanum et alios excommunicavit"); but it is somewhat hazardous to leap back from this to the conclusion that the Dean shut the doors, or that the doors were shut at all.

Mr. Walcott has by no means worked out the fertile subject of doors. For instance, he tells us that "the great doors of a Cathedral are only opened for the reception of a Sovereign or a Bishop." Our own experience hardly bears out the Precentor of Chichester on this head, as we have often gone in by the great—at least the greatest—doors of a Cathedral when there has been no Sovereign anywhere near, and when the Bishop has come in another way. Then Mr. Walcott gives us the sad story of the "gross excesses" which took place at York on Shrove Tuesday, when "all the apprentices, servants, and journeymen streamed in to ring the Pancake bell," and how Dr. Lake nearly lost his life in an attempt to stop the scandal. The connexion of this story with doors is not very clear, and it is only the general subject of the book which leads us to the guess that it was the minster into which the apprentices and others streamed to ring the pancake bell. The story is introduced with the somewhat obscure description, "At York, on Shrove Tuesday, the doors of York were thrown open all day." It is not very clear where the "doors of York" were likely to be opened except at York. Nor is it clear whether by the doors of York we are to understand the doors of the minster or the gates of the city. We can only say that, even without the help of a pancake bell, we have ourselves always found both open whenever we have wished to go through them. Presently we read how "Bishop Hacket, on the doors of Lichfield, wrote up a Latin verse forbidding candidates for Holy Orders wearing long hair." From this Mr. Walcott might, if he had been so minded, have easily taken a leap to more modern announcements about hair-powder and such like matters of taxation which have so odd an effect on the doors of places of worship, both Established and Nonconformist. But we cannot think that the study of church-doors is at all thoroughly worked out, when Mr. Walcott tells us nothing either about marriage "ad ostium ecclesie," nor yet about the more exciting practice of covering the doors themselves with the skins of Danish or other robbers.

It was quite by chance in opening Mr. Walcott's book at random that we lighted on these speculations about doors. Turning over a page or two, we light on the statement "that old names still cling about the Closets of Monastic Cathedrals," among which we find oddly put the names of colleges, which strikes us as being the opposite to monastic, and as marking the change to Seculars under Henry the Eighth. The passage which follows is a good specimen of Mr. Walcott's manner:—

Whilst at Wells, Cathedral Green; at Chichester, Canon Lane; at Exeter, Cathedral Yard; and at Lincoln and York, Minster Yard, preserve the old names, as Deanery and Subdeanery, the Precentory at Lincoln, and the Chantry and Treasury at Chichester denote the old residence of the dignitaries. The Choristers' House remains at Lincoln. In the close of St. Paul's, on one festival of the patron saint, Henry II. fed fifteen thousand people. Exhibitions also took place; at Durham a rope-dancer performed on a cord stretched between the towers, but fell and broke his neck.

When this last sad accident happened we are not told; but we do not see exactly what it has to do with the preservation of old names of places. Nor does it strike us as so remarkable as it seems to do Mr. Walcott that a house where a Dean or a Precentor still lives should be known as a Deanery or a Precentory. Indeed we once knew a very distinguished Dean, now deceased, who lived, not in any official dwelling, there being none, but more apostolically in a hired house, but who nevertheless always dated his letters from the Deanery, on the avowed ground that where pigs lived was a piggery, and where a Dean lived was a Deanery.

We turn a page or two the other way and we find that Mr. Walcott's ill luck has there led him to tell a story which had been already told by a stronger hand. Every one who has read Professor Stubbs's prefaces to Roger of Howden will remember the vivid description of the reception or non-reception of Archbishop Geoffrey by his divided Chapter of York; how the choir stopped singing at the bidding of the Precentor, and how the candles were put out at the bidding of the Treasurer. That the tale which Mr. Stubbs tells clearly and vigorously, and with a dramatic conception of the parts of the several actors, is told by Mr. Walcott in a dull and lifeless way, is no more than we should expect. But we were puzzled when we read that all this took place when the Archbishop—more strictly Archbishop-elect—"had come to inquire about the persecution of the Jews." No such motive was mentioned in Roger's story, and it seemed odd that, as the scene in the minster took place on the vigil of the Epiphany, Geoffrey should have come to inquire into the massacre of the Jews, which did not happen till March 16th. A little light came when Mr. Walcott went on to say that "the Archbishop retorted by having the bells removed and laid into the earth, and putting the church under an interdict." For this there was a reference to Benedict, which we verified, and thus found that Mr. Walcott had actually confounded the coming of the Archbishop-elect to York in January with the coming of William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Chancellor and Legate, in April. He did come "to inquire about the persecution of the Jews," and, as the Chapter refused to receive him as Legate with a procession and the ringing of bells, he ordered the bells to be put, "not into the earth," but on the ground ("in terram deponere fecit"), and put the Canons and Vicars of the minster under an interdict.

After this we need not trouble ourselves any further with Mr. Walcott. A man who cannot distinguish between two such famous men as Archbishop Geoffrey and Bishop William Longchamp has mistaken his calling when he meddles with mediæval or ecclesiastical matters. We cannot think that Mr. Walcott's greatest effort would be likely to bring out anything of any great value. Here we have his sweepings, sweepings designed, as he tells us, to be "popular, reliable [sic], and instructive," but for which the common fate of sweepings seems to us to be thoroughly deserved.

THE BOOK OF THE FARM.*

FROM its first appearance a quarter of a century ago until now the *Book of the Farm* has held the very highest rank as a book of reference on matters connected with the theory and practice of agriculture. Its author and editor, Mr. Henry Stephens, has indeed, by its helpful character and acknowledged trustworthiness, achieved for his name a connexion with the literature of the farm as inseparable as that of his French namesake with the annals of mediæval printing and publishing. And the secret of this fame consists in the remarkable tact he has displayed in tempering the curiosity and research of the enthusiast with the caution of the Scotch farmer and the cool judgment of the practical man. The *Book of the Farm* does not detail merely the results of a limited experience, but examines also, at a length which gives the well-known tomes their portly and substantial appearance, the likeliest suggestions and discoveries of men of authority upon agricultural topics; bringing personal opinion and knowledge to bear in cases where it would not do for the trumpet to have an uncertain sound, and where inquirers might expect trustworthy assistance in making up their minds upon debateable questions. Obviously a scope like this presupposes a more than passable acquaintance with the sciences ancillary to agriculture. Chemistry, geology, meteorology, divers branches of natural history and of physical science, must have been mastered, and were mastered, by Mr. Stephens before he could invoke the confidence and support of the more enlightened farmer for his original *Book of the Farm*. As the range of his work was encyclopædic, so likewise must have been the information and the learning digested as preliminary to the undertaking. Most agriculturists who have got beyond the boorish stage of ignorance which sets no store whatever by "book learning" are aware how fully the first and second editions satisfied expectation, and how authoritative were accounted the lessons of practical husbandry, and the discoveries of modes of improving and expediting agricultural operations, set forth in them. But two decades have passed since Mr. Stephens wrote the preface to his second edition; and a score of years is no small addition to the told tale of any man's days, least of all in the case of one who, even when he first appeared as an author, claimed a hearing for the results of an already considerable experience. In the new edition

* *The Book of the Farm.* By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Third Edition. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

before us he has not been contented to rest upon his oars, or trust the results of half-forgotten labours; but, from the mass of notes and criticisms with which he has in the interval kept his knowledge *en rapport* with the age, he has rewritten page upon page and chapter after chapter, so that really the *Book of the Farm* now before us is almost a new work. In the new, as in the older, editions, the same handy and excellent plan is adhered to, of printing in large text the details of the author's own experience in mixed husbandry upon crops and stock, under the head of "Practice in the Four Seasons of the Year"; the small print indicating that the matter it conveys has to do with other modes of farming than mixed husbandry, with external opinion on special points, or with explanations of particular operations on scientific principles. In short, the original plan and arrangement is wisely uninterfered with, whilst, to keep pace with the advances of agricultural science, the matter digested into pages and sections is oftentimes essentially as well as apparently new. To judge by the portrait of Mr. Stephens which in the edition of 1871 occupies the same place—opposite the title-page—that one of his own short-horn bulls occupied in that of 1851, he has lost little of the natural force which carried him through his original task, and we recommend the contemplation of such veteran vigour of head and body to those who have doubts as to the combination of the bucolic with the literary life. It has enabled him to carry through a third issue of a work which, even apart from its practical authority and experience, would still bear witness to a very uncommon grasp of mind, and no inconsiderable gifts of style and composition.

The only omission we regret in the new edition is that of the short and simple autobiography which in the edition of 1851 Mr. Stephens gave of himself, for the encouragement of "pupil farmers." From it young men proposing to adopt farming as a profession would learn that, after receiving a liberal education at Dundee and the University of Edinburgh, he acquired a thorough knowledge of farming by placing himself for three years under one of the best farmers in Berwickshire, and working with his own hands at the same labours as the hired servants of the farm. Having enlarged his range of observation by a year of foreign travel (it was just after peace was restored at the end of the Peninsular War) he took a farm of three hundred acres in Forfarshire; and in the improvement and reclamation of this—its soil was indifferent, and its buildings dilapidated—he acquired all the agricultural wisdom and experience which have stood him in such stead as a writer on kindred matters. It was there that he introduced several improvements—*e.g.*, feeding cattle in small numbers in hammels, instead of in large numbers in large courts, and confining sheep upon turnips in winter with nets instead of hurdles—which have been generally accepted, and which still hold their ground. But, as years have come and gone, the march of improvement and invention has broken new ground, and the changes, if few, have been important. To quote from the new preface:—

The Tweeddale plough, by its easy mode of reaching a deep furrow, has put it in the power of farmers to extend the range of the food of plants, by greatly increasing the friable soil of this insular kingdom. The reaping-machine sweeps down the corn, in regard to time, in the ratio of ten to one; with the ground prepared for it, the steam-plough supersedes a large amount of animal power. The locomotive of the portable thrashing-machine, in conjunction with its collaborator, the steam-plough, sensibly economizes steam-power by being alternately employed in important operations. Guano, with its chemical compeer, dissolved bones, enhances materially all the green crops. Liseed-cake, with its congeners, accumulates flesh and fat on the live stock in a given time in an increased ratio. These new things have displaced many more in number than were in use.

But time and change have not led Mr. Stephens to alter his original programme—the threefold division into Initiation, Practice, and Realization. Indeed, for the student who lays himself out to master the first part it is but fair that the third should remain as a *bonne bouche* of encouragement, after the copious detail of the second part. The secret of initiation is, in brief, to add to the best liberal education lessons of experience got by putting oneself in the place of the hind, the cowman, the plough-boy, the labourer in every phase, and by observing closely and diligently the *modus operandi* of the shrewdest and most practical farmers. Not a little, too, depends on a study of nature's face and ways. Weather prognostics, botanical physiology, and similar departments of science are shown in the first part of the *Book of the Farm* to conduce to the making of a successful farmer.

Our author's ideal farm consists of some five hundred imperial acres, cultivated upon the system of mixed husbandry as the safest, most instructive, and on the whole most certainly remunerative method of farming. On the principle that you should not carry all your eggs in one basket, there is an advantage in having stock to fall back upon if grain is low; and it must be hard times indeed if there is a concurrent failure in grain, live stock, and wool. Set down on such a farm, we are launched on the great field of practice, and are introduced to the plough at work, the carts hauling manure, the thrashing-machine filling the air with its whirring noise, the cattle in the standings, the sheep on the turnips. As to this last process, we would give little for the prospects of any farming novice who, with the plain directions for hurdling or netting "breaks" or compartments of increasing length at each shifting, for regulating the amount of dry fodder to sheep so confined, for ploughing up each stretch of break as soon as cleared (with an eye to preserving the manure, and so forth) given in sections 813-854, &c., could fail to go through the operation so as to

ensure success. As regards ploughs, there is none in our author's estimation to approach the Tweeddale plough in its aptness to make a wide furrow, for pulverizing the soil quickly with its deep and loosened furrow-slices, and for its easy draught in proportion to the weight of soil turned over. What our English ploughs gain in lightness to the ploughman's hand, they lose in depth; and their wheels also compress the furrows overmuch. From the coincidence of authorities we should be afraid it is a true bill that our ploughmanship is on the whole very mediocre (\$ 549), but that is no reason why we should not make sure of the best implement. Now the Tweeddale plough would seem to combine effective work with small expenditure of power, and to be invaluable in stubble-ploughing and going deep into the subsoil. Its use is calculated to revolutionize winter ploughing, and to expedite the work of spring, by its depth of furrow eradicating, or else for ever burying, the root-weeds, and by superseding almost all cross ploughing, harrowing, and rolling processes. What Mr. Mechi will say to Mr. Stephens we cannot pretend to divine, but the following quotation will show that, whilst possessed of the Tweeddale, the latter does not envy the most modern and scientific of farmers the utmost successes of steam cultivation:—

Until the introduction of the steam-plough not a word was heard in Scotland of the advantages of deep ploughing, though Lord Tweeddale had been practising it successfully for several years. The steam-plough was to ensure deep culture. As yet it has given no instance of deep ploughing beyond what could be executed by horses. As it seems to me, even the best steam-plough, which Fowler's is acknowledged to be, is not capable of reaching deeper than what is attained by a pair of good horses. Lord Tweeddale tried steam-ploughing many years ago, and his experience brought conviction to many minds, that whenever a really substantially deep furrow was attempted to be reached, the cost and trouble of steam greatly exceeds the cost of horse-labour, and he gave up the steam and betook himself entirely to horses. No steam-plough apparatus has yet been constructed to go to the depth of the combined action of the Tweeddale and trench ploughs with seven horses—twenty or twenty-two inches. Ploughing twenty inches deep with both ploughs and seven horses, along with six men—two to turn out the boulders encountered by the plough—incur the cost of 2*l.* 13*s.* per imperial acre. The previous thorough-draining cost 5*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* the acre; both processes costing 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre.—1. 108.

On such a vast question we can only say, "non nostrum inter vos," &c.; though it is just conceivable that the march of improvement may be making its way past the earnest and practical veteran who has seen and noted so much. Just so it may be doubted whether, with all the store he sets on liquid manure, and his experience of what the sewage of Edinburgh has done to increase the value of land in its environs, he has quite risen to the "high argument" of the Warwick and Leamington scheme now in progress; but this is only to say that knowledge is progressive, and that there is no such thing as finality in science.

We cannot attempt to give the faintest sketch or abstract of the farming operations through which the author conducts us, even under the head of winter. An idea of his research and resource may be gained by two or three jottings. Thus, to meet the question which is the most profitable breed of sheep, he brings the conflicting testimony of two very eminent breeders; one in favour of crossing Lincoln ewes with gigantic Hampshire rams, the other, to which the name of Bakewell of Dishley adds weight, of pure and small breeds, as realizing the greatest quantity of meat from the smallest quantity of food. As to "concentrated cattle-food," Mr. Stephens's witness, Dr. Anderson, adduces testimony of a damaging character. It seems that food cannot be concentrated but by expelling water, nor altered from its usual state without the addition of some stimulant, which the farmer may far more cheaply purchase and add for himself than get in a manufacturer's mixture, in which the aromatic or bitter ingredient is the excuse for running up a bill to thrice the cost in which the ingredients would stand the farmer. As to the cooking of food for cattle-fattening, Mr. Stephens's reading and experience lead him to conclude that on ordinary farms it is not worth the trouble and expense. Upon the most economical use of straw—another moot point in these later years—Mr. Stephens holds a *media via*. Some advise not to use it for litter, but to let the beasts lie on deal boards, and chop the straw for food. Others advocate littered straw as the means of ensuring to ensuing crops the completest advantage of the dung. Our author's opinion is that a part of the straw should be cut for ease of consumption; part given uncut for promoting secretion of saliva through chewing, and part also—we have no patience with the hard-bed advocates—as comfortable bedding for the animals.

On rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, and foot and mouth disease, on animal pests, and on the commoner diseases of live stock of various kinds, these volumes will be found a sufficient book of reference. Whosoever we have tested it, the oracle has been commendably explicit and unambiguous. And it is no little recommendation to a book of such dimensions that it is well written, without fine writing, and sensibly written, without running into the didactic vein. A thorough master of the science he elucidates, its author is as much at home on the track of Dr. Daubeny on "Ancient Husbandry" as in the freshest footprints of modern investigation. We can unreservedly commend his new edition, and we should augur well for the agricultural future of this country if it could find a place on every farmer's bookshelf. It is in its favour that it contains within four covers all the book learning a farmer need know.

STEPHENS'S LIFE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.*

MR. STEPHENS writes smoothly, temperately, intelligently, and like an Anglican of Anglicans. He cannot himself forget, and he does not allow his readers to remain in ignorance, that he is a nephew of Lord Hatherley and a son-in-law of Dr. Hook. He is therefore inclined by association, as he probably is by education and natural temperament, to that practical type of religious thought and sentiment which is one element in the lasting friendship between the present Lord Chancellor and the present Dean of Chichester. Mr. Stephens further informs us that he undertook his *Life of Chrysostom* in consequence of a suggestion of his father-in-law; and we can easily see that not only a subject of this class, but a biography of this special saint of the Eastern Church, would occur to Dr. Hook as a congenial and desirable work. Chrysostom would be acceptable to the Dean as he is to Mr. Stephens, as being in many respects an anti-Romanist divine, as eminently a practical man and not a dreamer, as not a mere monk, but, in the words of the English Homily, "a great clerk and godly preacher."

Though Chrysostom recommends himself to our English instincts, there is no close parallel to him among Anglican divines. Jeremy Taylor will occur to us at once, as he did to Dr. Newman in his Anglican days, when he told us that we could claim Chrysostom in that clear eloquent flame which shone bright round a martyr's throne. Yet the features of honourable resemblance which, from Dr. Newman's old standpoint, are visible between the two bishops, are not numerous; and, on comparison, the advantage rests almost always with the Greek prelate. As Mr. Stephens justly observes, Taylor's style is artificial, and is overlaid with multifarious learning; while the florid rhetoric of Chrysostom seldom, if ever, interfered with his directness of purpose, so that he was not only an eloquent writer, but an effective preacher, who made himself felt as a force in a great capital. Chrysostom and Taylor had both some experience of imprisonment; but Taylor survived a comparatively slight persecution to die an Irish bishop in honour and affluence, while Chrysostom, when once dragged from his patriarchal throne, had to endure the miseries of exile among the mountains of Cappadocia, the heat of summer, the cold of winter, and the visits of Isaurian robbers, as certain though not as regular as the seasons, till he was dragged from Cucusus to perish on his way to a still more inhospitable and inaccessible place of banishment. As appearance goes for something, it may be said on behalf of Taylor that he was a remarkably handsome man, while Chrysostom was short in stature, with a bald head, a wrinkled forehead, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and a complexion that showed marks at once of abstinence and indigestion. Yet in some of these respects Chrysostom was like St. Paul, and if Taylor was handsome, there is also reason to suspect that he was vain. Bishop Heber has remarked that few authors have so frequently introduced their own portraits, in different characters and attitudes, as ornaments to their printed works; and the well-known All Souls' portrait makes it probable that he rather liked attention to be drawn to his beautifully formed hand. In both the men there was a vein of tolerance—a rarer phenomenon in the fourth century than in the seventeenth, though far from common at the later date. Taylor seems to have learned in the school of adversity "the unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith and the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions." His *Liberty of Prophecy* was published in 1647, when, to use his own words, a great storm had dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, and he had himself been one of the sufferers in the shipwreck. But it is not easy to discover any further reason than an instinctive love of justice and fairness for the systematic resistance offered by Chrysostom to the attempt of Epiphanius to condemn the opinions and stigmatize the memory of Origen. The mind of Chrysostom had not been moulded by Origen. He had little natural turn for speculation, and neither his indirect obligations to the father of textual criticism, nor his close relations with Theodore of Mopsuestia, had made him a critical scholar. His verbal explanations are those of common sense, not of learning; he spoke a somewhat altered form of the language in which the New Testament was written, and had generally a definite view of the meaning of the writers, though not always a right one. In this respect he has the advantage of Jeremy Taylor, who is far more at home at expansion than at exposition, and, instead of bringing out the force of a text, is apt to bury it under flowers. Chrysostom and Taylor alike express in only too emphatic a form their dissent from one distinctive opinion of Origen. They not only accept the doctrine of eternal punishment in the obvious and literal sense, but think it one that is adapted for copious rhetorical amplification. Chrysostom is sometimes positively awful when he gets on this subject in his letters. Ordinary people, when they read the impassioned sentences in which, as if he himself were the Great Judge, he distributes final rewards and punishments with all the confidence of omniscience, will be inclined to think either that he did not really believe what he said, or that his words were the overflowing of unrestrained and unjustifiable anger, or that his heart was hard as the nether millstone. Mr. Stephens, while granting that to modern ears the language Chrysostom employs is "extraordinarily shocking," warns us against judging the Greek Fathers by the standard of our own times. Chrysostom, he

reminds us, had exercised, as well as taught, meekness, forbearance, and charity towards all men, enemies as well as friends; but he lived at a time when the minds of Christians had been for ages injured to persecution, and were hardened in feeling by the operation of a barbarous criminal law, by the contest of party with party, and by violence and bloodshed which, if overcome at all, were exposed writhing in the agony of death under the stern hand of the force that put them down. Mr. Stephens does not make Chrysostom's rhetorical transgressions a reason for considering him at bottom a good-natured man; yet Coleridge, as we know, in the *Apologetic Preface to Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, pleads most strongly that similar offences on the part of Jeremy Taylor establish no presumption against his humanity and goodness of heart. The "Tartarean drench" of horrors which Taylor inflicts upon his readers displays, according to Coleridge, the imagination rather than the discretion of its compounder; but the violent words are mere bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions from the magic caldron of a fervent and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language. It is not for a moment to be thought that a spirit like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindness, who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from Euripides or Simonides—it is not to be thought that a man so natured and disciplined did, at the time of composing a horrible picture of everlasting torment, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases he employed. It is thus that Coleridge argues directly on behalf of Taylor, and indirectly in defence of Milton and himself. We should be glad to think that the same line of argument might be fairly urged, *mutatis mutandis*, in favour of Chrysostom, though indeed his nature does not seem to have been peculiarly charged with delicate kindness, and a stern unsparing asceticism interfered in his case with the spontaneous development of the softer kinds of emotion.

Oddly enough, it happens that, if we wish to put Chrysostom and Jeremy Taylor together, and defend them both from the charge of at least speculative inhumanity, we can do so most easily by calling attention to the fact that their orthodoxy is liable to impeachment. It is an old saying that Chrysostom pelagianises. Mr. Stephens is probably right in saying that, on the whole, Chrysostom seems to assign the initiatory movement in the work of human salvation to the will of man; in which case Chrysostom is technically a Pelagian. With regard to Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Heber is obliged to admit that he fluctuates between Augustine and Pelagius. Taylor paid in his own day some of the necessary penalties of this fluctuation; it brought his orthodoxy into suspicion, even with his friends, and involved him in a rather annoying controversy. We have thus two theologians of real and fervent piety, and of great, though not very profound, power of thought, agreeing with each other both in drawing, apparently with all sincerity, most terrific pictures of hell torments, and in shrinking from strong statements about that corruption of human nature in which, according to ordinary theological teaching, all our sins and sufferings have their rise. Perhaps they may teach us, though this is not a lesson which they had any direct purpose of conveying, that it is of no use to paint this world, either in itself or in its spiritual relations, too black. There is much that is beautiful in life, and much that is hopeful in the heart, to prevent us from acquiescing in a thoroughly depressing view of the nature and destiny of man. The narrow Puritan, who maintains that our nature is totally corrupt now, and circumscribes the area of possible bliss hereafter, can only gain a hearing among people of imperfect intellectual development who are attracted by horrors and are incapable of genuine self-analysis. When even a Pascal takes the beauty away from this life without pouring a flood of imaginative glory on another, we admire and perhaps pity him, but we refuse, except on the compulsion of the strictest demonstration, to feel as he has felt. In proportion as we enclose a space of hopeless darkness beyond the grave, we find ourselves forced to believe that those whom we have known and loved, those whom we have taught and fed and cared for, those from whom we have differed without bitterness, and with whom we have fought without hatred, will never be its tenants. By a reaction like that which is a matter of familiar experience with the eye, the mind, after contemplating a spot of distant and unutterable blackness, sees more of the light of heaven on things and persons close at hand. Ideal horrors incline us to contact with cheerful realities, and a depressing view of the destiny of our fellow-creatures leads by force of contrast to a favourable view of their nature. In this respect it is much in our own days as it was in the fourth and seventeenth centuries. A really educated man who denounces Universalism as a heresy will seldom or never be sound on the article of Original Sin, as Augustine and the Reformers counted soundness.

There is little room, and scarcely any occasion, for finding fault with the manner in which Mr. Stephens has written the life of Chrysostom. His book is not a great historical work, but, as he himself calls it, a *Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century*, which he has partially filled in by means of the material afforded by the life and writings of a single distinguished man. The extracts given from St. Chrysostom are, as a rule, well chosen and well translated. When Mr. Stephens fails, it is less for want of research than from a deficiency of independent judgment. He does not always know how to use advantageously the facts he has collected, or to adhere with confidence and steadiness to an hypo-

* *St. Chrysostom, his Life and Times: a Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century.* By the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, M.A., Balliol Coll. Oxon., Vicar of Mid Lavant, Sussex. London: John Murray.

thesis which he has good reason for adopting. Thus he draws a really vivid picture of the visit of Epiphanius to Constantinople. The learned, ill-tempered, muddle-headed, and utterly unreasonable old man makes an ungraceful appearance in the capital of the Empire, having torn a number of intellectual grievances out of the grave of Origen. He is bent on making Chrysostom join him in his denunciations, or, failing this, on treating him as a favourer of heresy and a personal enemy. Chrysostom, though not exactly a polite man, is careful in his behaviour. He offers Epiphanius the hospitality due to a brother bishop; when requested to sign the decree against Origen, he declines to anticipate the decision of a Council; he only interposes to check the proceedings of Epiphanius when it is likely that they will lead to a tumult in church and a disturbance in the city. Epiphanius at last begins to see that he has been induced to seek doubtful ends by undesirable means, and retires from Constantinople, leaving Chrysostom master of the situation. Here Mr. Stephens should have left off; but he proceeds to tell once more the old story that, on parting, Chrysostom and Epiphanius each predicted, in an ill-natured way, the misfortune that was soon to befall the other. Chrysostom says to Epiphanius, "I hope you will not return to your diocese," and Epiphanius says to Chrysostom, "I hope you will not die a bishop." This story is supported by the authority of Sozomen; but it is improbable in itself, its rise can be accounted for by subsequent events, and it is quite at variance with the consistent and charitable version of the conduct of Chrysostom which is adopted by Mr. Stephens. We are indebted to Mr. Stephens for a good book, which would have been still better if the author had exercised with a little more freedom his undoubted right of rejection.

THE OLD MAID'S SECRET.*

GERMAN novels and novelettes translated into English are beginning to occupy no unimportant place in the general literature of this country. Auerbach is pretty nearly as well known as Mr. Trollope, and he by no means stands alone. Hitherto, however, so far as we know, Madame Marlitt's novels have not succeeded in finding many English readers. Her *Gisela* and her *Gold Else* have both been translated in America, and from that country have found their way to this; but they have not been read so widely as they deserve. *The Old Maid's Secret*, which was published in Germany so long ago as 1868, under the title of *Das Geheimniss der alten Mamsell*, was produced in America the following year. That translation did not take, and the book failed to have anything like the circulation in America or England that the original had in Germany. "H. J. C." has now given a new translation of it, and though we cannot entirely congratulate him, or more probably her, upon the reproduction, still it may be said that the book has been brought out at a convenient season; and, printed and got up as it is, there is more probability that it will have a run than there was in the case of the American translation. This novel is the earliest of Madame Marlitt's books. *Gold Else* and the *Thuringian Tales* were published in 1869, and *Gisela* in 1870, and both of these books are written with more confidence and finish than the earlier one. But the plot of the present book is by no means inferior. The interest of the story is well sustained from the beginning, and is kept alive to within a few pages of the end, when the secret is revealed, and the true character of Old Mamsell, which to experienced readers of romances required no explanation, is brought out as clear as noonday.

The scene is laid in a remote country town in Thuringia; and it is interesting to see how in all her books the authoress clings to that, to ordinary people, unromantic district and gets so much romance out of it. The story opens with a lively description of a carriage accident, in which no bones are broken, but the *dramatis personæ* have to walk home along muddy lanes on a wet and stormy night, their horse having broken loose and joined a cavalcade which was conveying a wandering Polish conjuror, D'Orlowsky by name, and his wife and theatrical properties into the town. The next scene represents the performance of the conjuror in the town hall. The programme was attractive and the hall crowded. "Madame D'Orlowsky will appear as a maiden in armour. Six soldiers will discharge loaded guns at her, and she will cut the six bullets across in the air with a stroke of her sword." This exhibition came off in accordance with the programme. Madame D'Orlowsky, a beautiful, golden-haired, sad-looking woman, the wife of the Polish conjuror, with whom she, the daughter of a proud Thuringian family, had eloped, came on the stage dressed fantastically, and took her place before the guns of the six soldiers. They fired at the word of command, and she fell into her husband's arms mortally wounded. It was arranged that the soldiers were to bite the bullets off their cartridges when loading, and retain them in their mouths; but one of them, a raw country lad, dismayed by the crowd of people, had lost his presence of mind, and failed to carry out his orders. He had loaded with the bullet, and in the discharge had killed the actress. Just before her death, which is touchingly described, she entrusts her little daughter to her husband, and with her last breath makes him promise to place her with some respectable family, and separate her from the stage. Herr Hellwig, a wealthy citizen, undertakes the charge, and takes the child to his home. Hellwig is a warm-hearted, weak man; but unfortunately for the

heroine of the piece, he has a wife—a stony, cruel, Calvinistic woman. She will have nothing to do with "a play-actor's brat." She will not suffer her house, which she has "kept as a temple of the Lord," to be polluted by "the child of a lost woman, who has been so visibly punished by the wrath of the Lord." Her two sons, grim little paragons of puritanical virtue, and a sour female servant called Fredrica, support her. But Hellwig is firm, and Felicitas D'Orlowsky—"little Fae," as she is called—a bright, guileless, sunny little soul, is duly installed in this, to her, hideously incongruous household. Her life is very miserable, but it is bearable till Hellwig dies. Then she is in despair; but the Old Maid here comes upon the scene, and throws from time to time a gleam of sunshine—of an afternoon or evening sunshine—upon her dismal little life. She is Hellwig's aunt, and for some time after his marriage she had lived in the family. But she had one failing; she was an enthusiastic lover of music, and as Fredrica expressed it, "she never could be prevented from playing on Sunday afternoons profane melodies and unholy music. The mistress had put heaven and hell before her eyes, but all was no use. . . . Mr. Hellwig had yielded to the will of his wife, and the old maid was banished up to the top rooms of the back house." She and little Fae became great friends. But all intercourse between them is prohibited, and has to be carried on in secret. Fae is kept as a menial in the house; but, in spite of much hardship and misery, she grows up a beautiful, high-spirited, noble-hearted girl, and through the secret interviews with Old Mamsell she becomes educated and highly cultivated. Such a life as this is of necessity monotonous. There is little or no incident to relate, but the interest is kept up by the occasional glimpses given into the life of the Old Maid, and the gradual working out of the central idea of the book. She is supposed to have formed something like a *médalliance* with a shoemaker's son, and to have been the cause of the death of her father. Her secret, which has very little to do with the story, is the refutation of these calumnies. What that secret is we leave untold. The reader will be satisfied with the *dénouement*, and with the ultimate destiny of little Fae.

It is hardly fair to apply the same standard of criticism to a German that one may apply to a French or an English novel. The authors of the three countries seem to look on the object of fiction from widely different points of view. A German novelist, speaking generally, devotes himself to the development of ideas, and makes his characters subservient to his scheme. A French writer occupies himself in analysing passion, and an English writer in delineating character. To each therefore a different standard of criticism is applicable. You cannot compare Balzac with Thackeray, and say, for instance, that Beatrix Esmond is a more truthful creation than Julie d'Aiglemont. The one is a study of character from the objective side, the other a sort of hermetically sealed bottle in which the various shades of the passion of love are enclosed, and from which they are brought out one by one to be subjected to chemical tests and made the subject of a psycho-psychological lecture. So with the book before us. It does not do it justice to compare it with, for instance, a novel by Miss Yonge or Mrs. Craik. The object of the book is the exposure of the true character of a sour puritanical sanctimoniousness. The different actors are grouped round this idea, and made each in their own way to contribute to its development. Madame Hellwig is the embodiment of the idea, and Fredrica the cook, and Adèle the worldly widow, are each, as weaker vessels, the reflection of the idea in a subdued form. John commences life under the same influence, but being a stronger man than his father, who for the sake of peace yielded to his wife, he emancipates himself, and under Fae's bright guidance rises to a totally different level from that of his family. The opposing elements are the Old Maid and Felicitas. The lives of both are made wretched by the predominating cant; but while the one escapes from the influence of it by practical banishment for life, the other fights on with youth and strength on her side and comes out of the struggle victoriously. For, with a true sense of poetical justice, the author in the end turns the tables on the hard, stony-hearted Madame Hellwig, and shows how enlightenment and truthfulness of character gain the day over the sour hypocrisy of an austere Calvinism.

At the same time, looked at even as a channel for exhibiting studies of character, the book is by no means despicable. Felicitas D'Orlowsky is drawn from a higher platform than the ordinary young lady of English fiction. The author has put out her whole strength upon this character, and has succeeded. At first she recalls the charming heroine of a recently published English novel, *My Little Lady*. But the latter was well drawn only in her childish days, when she was wandering about the gambling-tables at Spa. As a young lady she became rapid and ultra-commonplace. "Little Fae" improves as she grows older, and the delineation of her character as child, girl, and woman is above the average. The other characters are less successful as characters, though good enough as media for the development of ideas. Hellwig, so far as he goes, and Henry, the man-servant, are both fairly done. But Madame Hellwig is over-drawn and unnatural; John, though a good specimen of a woman's conception of a hard, stern character, could not exist in real life, and Old Mamsell is too sketchy to leave any clear impression on the mind.

One word as to the merits of the translation. It might be better, and it might be worse. The translator has reproduced the spirit of the original, but the style of translation is more German than English. Expressions occur throughout the book which would not be used by a practised writer, particularly by a practised

* *The Old Maid's Secret*. By E. Marlitt. Translated from the German by H. J. C. London: Strahan & Co. 1871.

male writer. No one familiar with the modern theory of translation, in accordance with which foreign or classical ideas and scenes are transformed into English ideas and scenes, would have permitted the young ladies of the drama to make long abstract speeches at each other and at their lovers. This may be German idiomatic writing, but it is not English. Nor would they allow them to take in vain the name of the Deity in the free and easy way they do. A German lady may use the words "Mein Gott!" much as an English housemaid says "Lor!" or a Frenchwoman "Mon dieu!" But an English lady would not make use of the equivalent given by the translator unless under very exceptional emotion. She certainly would not say "My God! how careless she is," when she complains, as Adèle does, of a stupid housemaid. The title again is misleading. It is "the secret of Old Mamsell," not "the secret of an old maid." The word "old maid" suggests ideas inconsistent with the purpose of the author. They suggest the German counterpart of the French "vieille fille," which is not at all what is intended. The fact of Mamsell being or not being an old maid has nothing to do with her secret. But, taking these slight blemishes into consideration, the public have reason to be grateful to "H. J. C." for giving them in an English dress, and in a convenient form, this interesting story, which possibly may call for almost as many editions in this country as it has already done in Germany.

MINOR POETS.*

ON reading some of Mr. James Ballantyne's shorter poems, which are almost all in the Scottish dialect, it has occurred to us that some of our Southern bards would do well if they could each enter into a kind of poetical partnership with a Scotchman. Just as ivy disguises a plain building, and moss a rotten stump, so does the Scottish dialect, to the eyes and ears of all at least who are born on this side the Tweed, disguise prose. When "so" is written "sae," and "from" "frae," when "down" is "doun," and "must" is "maun"; when the "mavis" sings and the "cushat" is cooing, it requires all the sagacity of a practised critic to detect the imposture, and to find out how commonplace are the thoughts that are hidden under one of the finest of all dialects. Would even Mr. Ballantyne, for instance, have ventured to publish such a verse as the following, unless he had first carefully concealed the absence of thought by the Scotch words?—

Oh, you are mak' the night
Sparkle, jewelled in glory,
Shining aye sae bright,
Wha but maun adore ye?

It may be objected that the Scotch, for whom no doubt he chiefly writes, will not be deceived by their own dialect. But we must remember that the Scotch are above all others a patriotic people, and are ready to swallow, and at the same time swear they like, not only Scotch oatmeal, but also Scotch poetry. Then, too, though they talk Scotch, they read for the most part only English, and so even their eyes may derive some pleasure from their dialect when printed, and may be also somewhat deceived by it. Such being the case, why should not some of our own minor poets hire a Scotchman to put their poems into a Scottish dress, just as cockney sportsmen when going to shoot in the Highlands employ a Scotch tailor to convert them into Highlanders? The disguise would be found to be as complete and as advantageous in the one case as the other.

Mr. Ballantyne, besides his shorter poems, has written an historical play in three acts. It may be looked upon as a kind of continuation of *Macbeth*, representing as it does an incident in the life of Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan King of Scotland. The reader is kept in the best of companies; for, with the exception of a Saxon clown and a Scottish peasant, the only characters who are not of royal birth are the Steward of Scotland, a Saxon Commander, a Norman Commander, a Highland Chieftain, and a Caledonian Druid. We have Edgar Atheling, who is described as "the Saxon heir to the English throne," but who, for all we can see, might just as well be described as "the English heir to the Saxon throne." His sister Margaret, if she were not a Saxon heiress, we should have mistaken for an English Quakeress, so closely do her sentiments correspond with those of the Peace Society. When her mother urges Edgar to fight against Harold, Margaret makes such a peaceful speech that Edgar in admiration thus breaks in upon her:—

Such sentiments become a sex, dear sister,
Whose gentle patience triumphs o'er misfortune,
And teaches men the virtue of endurance.
Yet would I fain enforce my mother's claims,
And thine, dear sister, for the love you bear me,
But may not raise a lance against King Harold.

Meanwhile there enters "a messenger from a journey," together

* *Lilies Lee; and other Poems.* By James Ballantyne, Author of the "Gaberlunzie's Wale," the "Miller of Deanhaugh," "Poems, Songs," &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

Village Life and Sketches; with other Poems. By W. Watman Smith. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

Cæsar in Britain: a Poem in Five Cantos. By Thomas Kentish. London: Pickering.

St. Cross, &c. By Walton Lewes, Author of "Starlight," &c. London: Provost & Co. 1871.

Anster Fair. By William Tennant. With Memoir and Notes. Edinburgh: Ross & Co. 1871.

with "numbers of peasantry in the background shouting, Hail, King Edgar!" The messenger comes from William, who, as he says, "desires to hail thee, Edgar, King of England." Happily at the same moment there enters a Saxon clown, who, though the messenger at once calls him a "mumming knave," and Edgar's mother bids him "hold thy impious tongue in presence of a prince's messenger," yet, by singing obscurely about wolf's chops, lambkins, and the carrion crow, raises a certain amount of suspicion in the mind of "the Saxon heir." While matters are still in suspense, and it is yet doubtful whether Duke William's plan may not succeed, there happily "enter as from a journey Gospatrick and followers; they make obeisance to Edgar," and then Gospatrick, catching sight of the messenger, thus falls foul of him:—

Vile knave, thy subtle slippery tongue hath lapped
The crimson blood of twice ten thousand Saxons,
Whose spirits cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance.

The messenger apparently, unlike the reader, seems to understand what "this Saxon Commander" means, and wisely enough "begins to turn away." He is too late however, for Gospatrick cries out to an attendant:—

Secure this smooth-faced villain
Within the castle's deepest donjon keep.

After a brief historical conversation Edgar, announcing his intention of going to Scotland, thus urges haste upon his mother and sister:—

Then haste, dear mother
And sister; get thy travelling-gear prepared
With all despatch.

Of course, if Edgar had not been anxious to show that he knew he was talking poetry, he would, as he was addressing his mother and sister, have said "your travelling-gear." But, just as in conversation we never use "thy," even when addressing one person, so in dramatic poetry the characters never use "you," even when addressing many. Want of space keeps us from describing the grand plot in the Grampian Mountains of the Highland chieftains. It is interesting, as showing that at this early period "the chieftains of free Caledon" were so far civilized as to talk very much like the characters in a melodrama at an English, or we ought perhaps to say, a Saxon, country fair. One of them, addressing a Lowland peasant, thus cries out:—

Avant, base lowland serf! The mountain Gael
Holds no communion with thy servile race;
Nor dar'st thou look upon the sunward flights
Of the proud eagles of the stormy North,
Where Freedom's star shines with resplendent light.

Even if the Highland gentleman had talked sense, and had left the sun, and the storm, and the star alone, the base Lowland serf would scarcely have understood him, as there does not seem to have been any interpreter present. Ancient Pistol, on whom Mr. Ballantyne's chieftains would seem to have formed their style, on a somewhat similar occasion took a boy with him to "expound." But even the boy was not a good enough French scholar "to discuss in French" all that was said, and we doubt if the first of Gaelic scholars would have been able to "discuss" all this "mountain Gael's" speech.

Mr. Smith, the author of *Village Life and Sketches*, finding, we suppose, like many another writer, that his versification meets with no attention, complains of "this prosaic age of politics and business," though happily he himself can boast of friends "who are known to possess some poetical taste." If he is not appreciated here on this our planet, which, as he tells us, "is dimly visible in the firmament of Heaven," we trust that in his "Helicon" he may be welcomed among "the immortal souls of the poets." We would remark by the way that the immortal souls seem to choose their associates rather to suit the convenience of Mr. Smith's lines than from any similarity of tastes. We should have scarcely expected to find Dr. Watts next to Prior, nor "Scotland's Mary" separated only by Mrs. Opie from the spot where

There's Taylor, Rowe, and Hannah More,
With myriads who had gone before.

Surely Mr. Smith, when it is time for him to enter "the sacred seat of the Muses," will only have to quote the following verses from his poem entitled "The Emigrant's Farewell," when he will at once gain admittance as a true poet, and a seat somewhere near to Hannah More:—

From the prairie wild and rude,
Where the hostile tribes are lying;
From some dark and dreary wood,
Where the fierce hyæna's crying:
Shall we oft look back to thee,
Father-land of many nations,
As we sit beneath the tree,
Thinking of our dear relations.

Those among us who are possessed with the idea that we are descendants of the Ancient Britons, and take almost a personal interest in Cæsar's invasions of our island, will perhaps venture to read Mr. Kentish's poem. It is as long as Cæsar's invasions were short, and as dull as his narrative is interesting. At the same time we must admit that it is original, and is very far from being, as we at first suspected, a metrical version of the history of the expeditions to Britain. We have the story told from the British point of view, and if the various speakers, "Druid and Bard and Warrior Chief," are beyond measure long-winded, it is satisfactory to know that they could fight as well they could talk, and gave

Cæsar such a beating that the poem can thus be brought to a triumphant end:—

He therefore, with what haste he might,
Kept on his journey through the night;
And, forced against his will to flee,
Led back his army to the sea.
The march was long; but, without stay,
He reached his ships the following day,
Then, at the second watch, with all
His force embarking, sped to Gaul.

This defeat had of course been mainly brought about by the war-chariots, which went—

Sweeping the plain, in circle vast
And formidable, hooking the flanks.

We can fully sympathize with the poet in his wish that, while such a novel military operation was going on as this "hooking the flanks," science could,

at that awful hour,
Have given to aeronaut the power,
Secure, as now, to range the skies,
Where dart, nor fiercer shaft may rise.

We only wonder that he does not add the wish that with the aeronaut there might have been some Special Correspondent well disposed to the British side. Mr. Kentish, in describing a sunrise, talks of

The still-accumulating tides
Of fluid glory.

As we look upon his book and the other minor poets who are gathering thickly round us, we feel inclined to change two words in his line, and in despair to lament over

The still-accumulating tides
Of fluent nonsense.

Mr. Lewes, the author of *St. Cross*, is so far familiar with Horace that he can quote from the *Ars Poetica*:—

Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

Convinced of the truth of this, he ventures to make "dawn" rhyme with "warn," and to call such lines as the following a sonnet:—

With Wapping Sailors did the painter find
Companions coarse, congenial to his mind;
And Northern Farmers see the poet please,
Of transcendentalism antipodes.

We hope that if the Board of Trade ever takes courage to try to reach traders who palm off all kinds of rubbish as sound wares, the poets may not escape who, at the head of their doggerel, write sonnet or ode, and, without having gone to the expense of purchasing a rhyming dictionary, yet venture to deal in rhymes.

Anster Fair, though it is only a republication, has a merit and an interest of its own. Its author, the crippled son of a small merchant and farmer in Scotland, by his own industry and ability, and by the help of an excellent parish school, first gained a "small but seasonable preferment" for himself as a village schoolmaster, with a salary of no less than forty pounds a year, and next "the chair of Oriental languages" in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. We are not informed as to the emoluments of the latter post, but as his salary as schoolmaster had for a great number of years been more than equal to his wants, we can picture him to ourselves in the decline of his life—when we consider, in addition to his high emoluments, his knowledge, his power of expressing himself, his reputation, and his sound health—as frequently applying to himself Horace's lines, and saying:—

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Qui sapere et fari possit que sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et mundas victis, non deficiente crumena?

While he was still village schoolmaster he published *Anster Fair*. It attracted Jeffrey's attention, and was favourably reviewed in the forty-seventh number of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the memoir of Tennant prefixed to this little volume is given the following extract from Jeffrey's review:—

Perhaps we have detained our English readers too long with our two tuneful countrymen—referring also to Hogg's *Queen's Wake*, which was reviewed at the same time. They have neither of them, we confess, the pathos and simplicity of Burns, or the energy and splendour of Scott, but they appear to be persons of promise; and, at all events, to be singly worth a whole cagel of ordinary songsters from the Colleges and cities of the South. We leave them now to their fate, and if they do not turn out well, we engage to be more cautious in giving out words of good augury for the future.

It is curious if, as we are informed in a foot-note, there is a hit at Byron in the passage about "the Colleges and cities of the South." For it was 1814 when this notice appeared in the *Edinburgh*, and by that time Byron had written not only his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, but also the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and three or four more of his finest poems. Whatever merits *Anster Fair* may have had, however sore Jeffrey may have still felt, and however good a Scotchman he may have been, we should have scarcely thought that he would have ventured thus to challenge comparison between Tennant and Byron. *Anster Fair*, as far as the plot of it is concerned, is not unlike the old ballad of the *Tournament of Tottenham*. The hand of the beauty of a country district "is held out as the reward of the victor in an ass race, and a match of running in sacks; a competition of bagpiping and of story-telling."

There is a good deal of quiet humour in the way in which the story is told, of which the following stanzas are a fair specimen:—

So started, as the herald gave the blast,
At once the suitors in their sacks away,
With gollant up-spring, notable and vast,
A neck-ending ring violent assay;
The solid earth, as up to sky they past,
Push'd back, seem'd to retire a little way;
And, as they up-flew furious from the ground,
The gash'd and wounded air whizzed audibly a sound.

As when on summer eve a soaking rain
Hath after drought bedrench'd the tender grass,
If chance, in pleasant walk along the plain,
Brushing with foot the pearl-hung blades you pass,
A troop of frogs oft leaps from field of grain,
Marshall'd in line, a foul unseemly race,
They halt a space, then vaulting up they fly,
As if they long'd to sit on Iris' bow on high.

We should think that publishers would find a much more profitable trade in reproducing poems like this one before us, which, though not of the highest excellence, have yet merits of their own, than in bringing forth poems which, if new, are nevertheless utterly worthless.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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